

# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



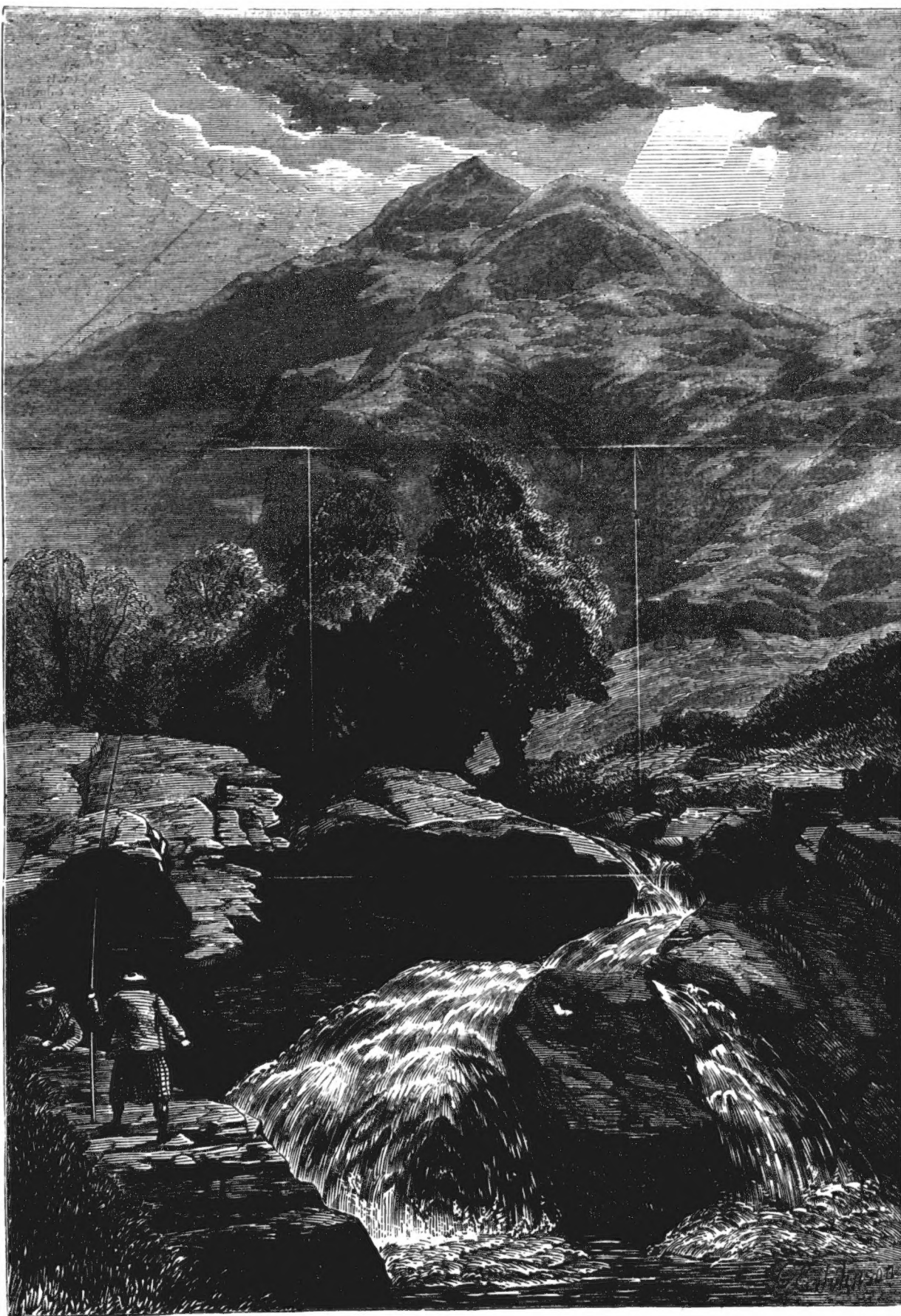
No. 335.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 22, 1868.

[ONE PENNY.]

## ROWING PROSPECTS.

We fear there is very little likelihood of our witnessing an international boatrace between American and English University men this year. But as the challenge has been sent from the other side the Atlantic, and has not been accepted by Oxford, it may be as well to explain why the Oxford men have thought it right to decline. It will be recollected that last year at Paris a Canadian four-oar literally ran away from the best English four-oar that could be picked to compete with the colonists. The Canadians rowed without a coxswain, and without buttons on their oars. In many respects their style was utterly at variance with what is correct according to our received notions of good rowing. Nevertheless, they won, and very easily. It was alleged that their opponents were out of training, and had suffered the day previously from sea-sickness; but, still, the fact remains that the Canadians ran away from them. Inspired by this success, apparently, the Harvard men have challenged the O.U.B.C.; but the latter have, as we have seen, declined to row except in the manner in which all races are rowed in this country; and we think they are right. The two styles are materially different. The eight-oar whose crew should steer themselves in a race from Putney to Mortlake would very speedily come to grief. But fancy the still more speedy end of an eight that might attempt to row from Itley Lasher to the Cherwell under the same conditions. On the other hand, the Americans, rowing on broader streams, a straight three-mile course, can, without great difficulty, manage the steering of their boat, and dispense with the guiding hand of a coxswain. The absence of the coxswain is, of course, an immense relief. Seven or eight stone of dead weight in the stern of a racing eight tells very materially on the "go" of a boat, and especially at the start. In fact, in the case of the Canadians



SALMON FISHING.

last year the race was virtually over in the first one hundred yards, the colonists rowing away from their antagonists in the first half-dozen yards. The Oxford Committee naturally decline to row under this disadvantage. The idea of rowing on Lake Windermere does not somehow or other commend itself to our ideas. Discouraging news reaches us from Cambridge. The Cantabs appear to be hesitating as to whether they will row Oxford or not this year. A correspondent from Cambridge says:—"The untimely death of the Hon. J. Gordon, of Trinity College, has not only led to the postponement of the Second Division boat races to the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of February, but has invited a discussion as to the propriety of Cambridge sending a boat at all this year against Oxford. It is no secret that the unfortunate deceased was the great hope of the Light Blue for stroke oar, and it is not true, as has been published, that Mr. Gordon ever refused to row; indeed, he was to have taken his seat on the day after the accident occurred by which he lost his life. Among the athletes generally there is a good deal of difference of opinion as to whether the race should be rowed; a number of old 'Varsity oars counsel the president to withdraw from the contest. To this advice it is urged that it would be setting a bad precedent. The Oxford crew are in training already, and promise well. They went over the long course on Monday afternoon for the first time, and returned to Oxford by Great Western Railway from Abingdon Junction. Mr. A. W. Hall, stroke of the University College eight, having occupied the steersman's seat, vacated for the nonce by Mr. Tottenham, who was engaged elsewhere. The men did their work most satisfactorily, and came back in excellent health and good spirits. Since writing the above we hear that the challenge sent to Oxford by Cambridge has been withdrawn.



## IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

THE HOUSE of Parliament assembled on Thursday, the 13th inst., for the transaction of business.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

THEIR Lordships sat for three-quarters of an hour on Monday. The Earl of Airlie having inquired whether any steps had been taken to carry out the recommendations of the Defence Commission of 1860 with regard to the construction of floating batteries for harbour and coast defences, the Earl of Longford remarked that the commissioners had certainly recommended the construction and employment of these batteries, but hitherto there had been no surplus from the votes available for the purpose. Moreover, he feared there was no immediate prospect of executing the commissioners' recommendations, unless Parliament granted a special vote of money, of which at present there seemed to be little probability. The East London Museum (Site) Bill was passed through committee, and a bill introduced by the Bishop of Oxford for Amending the Consecration of Churchyards Act was read a first time.

In the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor moved the second reading of the Promissory Oaths Bill, the object of which was to abolish several of these oaths, and to prescribe that five only should be taken—namely, the oath of allegiance and the judicial, official, military, and constables' oaths. The bill also substituted a short and simple form of oath for the quaint and obsolete ones now in use. After some observations from Lord Lyveden, Earl Russell, the Bishop of Oxford, and Lord Westbury, the bill was read a second time, and ordered to be referred to a select committee.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The Lord Advocate, in asking leave to introduce a Reform Bill for Scotland, explained that he had proposed the borough franchise should be similar to that in the English Reform Act of last session, and that all householders rated and paying their rates should possess the qualification, provisions being inserted to guard against the omission from the register of any person whose name ought to appear thereon. For the counties he proposed to reduce the ownership qualification to £5 clear yearly value, and to fix the occupation franchise at the same amount as in the English Act, or a rating value of £12. In dealing with the question of distribution it was not intended to take away the right of representation from any existing constituency, for all must admit that there was no superfluity of representation in Scotland at this moment. On the contrary, he proposed to increase the number of Scotch members by seven. Two of these would be allocated to the Universities of Scotland; three to the large and populous counties of Lanarkshire, Ayrshire, and Aberdeenshire; one to the city of Glasgow, which would thus be placed on the same footing as Liverpool and Manchester; and the seventh to a grouped constituency comprising eight towns with a population of upwards of 6,000 each—namely, Ardrossan, Coatbridge, Wishaw, Barrhead, Johnstone, Hurlersburg, Kirkintilloch, and Pollockshaws. He further proposed to add Hawick and Galashiels to the Haddington, and Alloa to the Stirling district of burghs. A debate, in which Mr. Baxter, Mr. Smollett, Sir J. Ogilvy, Mr. McLaren, Sir E. Colebrooke, Sir J. Ferguson, and Mr. Graham, took part, was concluded by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who described the measure as the largest and most munificent increase of the constituency in Scotland that had ever been offered to the consideration of Parliament. Its great principle was the extension of the franchise, and the propositions with which it was associated he believed to be such as would give satisfaction to the Scottish people. He urged the House to pass a moderate measure of reform in the present session if possible, and, with that view, to consider the bill with candour. He undertook that, whatever suggestions might be made should receive the careful attention of the Government, with the one desire of making the representation of Scotland as efficient as possible. Leave was then given to bring in the bill, which was read a first time, and ordered for second reading on Monday week.

In the House of Commons, replying to questions put by Mr. Fawcett, Sir S. Northcote explained the state of our relations with Egypt on the subject of the Abyssinian expedition, and the position of the Egyptian troops at Massowah. The right hon. baronet observed that, knowing the feeling of antagonism prevailing in Abyssinia towards the Egyptians, the English Government had carefully abstained from inviting anything in the nature of assistance or support from a Turco-Egyptian alliance. Recently, however, a communication was received from the commanders of our forces that movements of Egyptian troops had been observed at Massowah, which seemed to indicate a disposition on the part of the Egyptians to enter Abyssinia; whereon the Foreign Office made a representation to the Viceroy on the subject, and asked him to countermand the order for the advance of his troops. That representation had been received in the most friendly spirit by His Highness, who had informed our consul that the amount of reinforcements sent to Massowah had been greatly exaggerated, but that to show his friendly disposition the battalion sent there should be recalled. With regard to the report appearing in the newspapers relative to the advance of the Egyptians, he could not tell on what it rested. All he knew was, that he had received several telegrams from Sir Robert Napier and from other officers at Annesley Bay since that statement was published, and that they made no reference whatever to the subject. If there had been any advance of the Egyptian troops he felt absolutely certain that they would have mentioned it. The Government had not received any communication confirmatory of the statement that King Theodore had reached Magdala, and the latest telegrams which arrived on Saturday made no reference to such an event.—Mr. Seely, in a speech of some length, called attention to the correspondence relating to the cost of building the Frederick William, and of repairing the Brisk and the Cadmus, and after criticising with much minuteness the dockyard accounts, from which he concluded that waste and extravagance characterised our naval administration, moved for the appointment of a select committee to inquire and report, first, as to the application of moneys voted by Parliament for the use of the Admiralty; and secondly, as to the accounts of the department; and more especially as to the method in which they should be prepared for presentation to the House. Mr. Corry defended the administration of his department against the attack of Mr. Seely, upon whom he retorted that his statements were exaggerated, his censures unjust, and his figures "figures run mad." To the motion for a select committee, however, he was quite willing to accede, provided the inquiry were limited to accounts that did not extend to the expenditure of the navy. After a short debate the motion for a select committee, amended by the insertion in the first part of the resolution of the words "in the building and repairing of ships," was agreed to.—On the motion of Lord Enfield these select committees of last year to inquire into the law as to common and special juries was re-appointed.—Mr. Coleridge, in committee of the whole House, moved for leave to be given to bring in a bill to repeal certain tests and alter certain statutes affecting the constitution of the University of Oxford, and the colleges in that University. The motion was agreed to, Mr. Secretary Hardy intimating that he should offer the bill all the opposition in his power at the future stages.—The Habeas Corpus Suspension (Ireland) Act Continuance Bill passed through committee.

AN inland revenue return which has just been issued shows that in the financial year of 1866-67 no less than 136,978,045 penny stamps were supplied to the public for use on receipts, draughts, and other documents (other than letters) requiring a penny stamp.

## COURT AND SOCIETY.

It is said that Lord Russell is occupied in preparing a work on his administration of foreign affairs and the Foreign Office.

Mr. M. W. THOMPSON, M.P. for Bradford, has presented to the inhabitants of Guiseley a town hall, built at a cost of upwards of £3,000.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will hold levees at St. James's Palace, on behalf of the Queen, on Tuesday, March 3, and Tuesday, March 17.

Mr. W. SCURFIELD GREY has resigned the chairmanship of the Durham county quarter sessions, on account of the state of his health.

THERE are forty-two vacancies for assistant surgeons in the Army medical service, for which fifty candidates have presented themselves, mostly from the Irish schools.

On Monday afternoon His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, and attended by Colonel Keppel and the Hon. Mrs. Grey, paid a visit to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, of which His Royal Highness is president.

THE Conservatives of King's Lynn will endeavour to win the second seat at the forthcoming general election, and have determined to oppose the return of Sir T. Fowell Buxton with the Hon. R. Bourke, son of Earl Mayo.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the Princess Mary of Teck and his Serene Highness Prince of Teck arrived at Kensington Palace on Saturday from visiting the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort at Badminton House.

THE Duchess of Marlborough will give her first reception to-day at the Lord President of the Council's residence in St. James's-square. Her Grace will also hold assemblies on Saturdays, the 29th instant and the 7th proximo.

It is understood that the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 1st Essex Administrative Battalion of Volunteers, vacant by the resignation of Sir Claude de Crepigny, has been accepted by Mr. W. M. Tuffnell.

THE Right Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons will commence his Parliamentary duties to-day, at which the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Stanley, and the principal members of the Government having seats in the Lower House are to dine.

WE are sorry to state that Lord Derby in the course of Sunday night last experienced a relapse. On Monday morning Lord Stanley left town for Knowsley. Dr. Miller visited the noble earl in the afternoon, and a telegram from Liverpool stated that his lordship was slightly better in the evening.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Countess Morton and Lieut.-Col. Keppel in waiting, attended Divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, last Sunday. The Communion Service was read by the Lord Bishop of London, Dean of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal, the Rev. the Subdean, and the Rev. W. H. Brookfield.

THE Leader says that the announcement that Her Majesty intends to resume her part of the public life of this nation will be received with universal satisfaction. It is scarcely wise on the part of Sovereigns to teach their subjects how easy it is to dispense with the "baubles" of royalty. Absence may make the heart grow fonder for a while, but it is a dangerous experiment to be persisted in. It is, therefore, with sincere gratification that we welcome the Queen's return to the pageantries of her Court.

THE Right Honourable and Worshipful Sir R. J. Phillimore, D.C.L., the dean of the Court of Arches and judge of the High Court of Admiralty, has, we understand, just resigned the office of Chancellor and Official Principal of the Consistorial Court of the diocese of Salisbury, which he has held for a period of nearly twenty-three years, he having been appointed to it in 1845 by the then Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Denison. Sir Robert Phillimore will, it is understood, be succeeded in the office by Dr. Deane, Q.C., the new Admiralty advocate.

THE Solicitors' Journal says that besides Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, whose name was mentioned recently, the following members of the bar are to receive the honour of a silk gown:—Mr. Higgins, Mr. Holker, and Mr. West, of the Northern Circuit; Mr. Matthews and Dr. Keenly, of the Oxford Circuit; Mr. Shee and Mr. Stuart, of the Chancery Bar; Serjeant Simon (patent of precedence), of the Northern Circuit; Mr. A. Stavelly Hill, of the Oxford Circuit; and Mr. J. A. Russell, of the Northern Circuit. There is one other gentleman, whose name has not reached us, who is also to receive "silk."

IT has been a common expression in the mouths of Englishmen that "boards" have no souls; but, to prove that the Admiralty Board has some sense of feeling, we can say that only lately a commander in the Royal Navy who had met with a fearful accident had his case properly represented, and, to the gratification of himself and friends, a decision was rapidly arrived at by their Lordships doubling the pension which under ordinary circumstances he would have received. Again, a poor assistant-surgeon died who had not served sufficiently long to qualify his widow for a pension—in fact, she was in deep distress. My Lords lost no time in directing a handsome gratuity to be sent to her, following up the principle of "his dat qui cito dat."

A VERY gratifying presentation has just been made to the Rev. R. M. Browne, who for the past twelve years has officiated as curate of All Saints' Church, Upper Norwood. The devotion of Mr. Browne to his parochial duties, and especially the kindly attention and solicitude he has invariably exhibited towards the poorer classes of his parishioners, has long been appreciated by the members of his church, and upon his recent appointment as incumbent designate of Thornton-heath, near Croydon, a committee of gentlemen associated themselves together, and in a short time collected a considerable sum of money, which has been expended in the purchase of a clock and candelabra, which together with a purse of 250 guineas, has recently been presented to Mr. Browne as a mark of respect and kindly feeling upon the resignation of the curacy, and of their appreciation of his genial character as a clergyman while ministering among the parishioners of Upper Norwood.

DEAN CLOSE made a long speech at the anti-ritual meeting in Carlisle on Friday, which he delivered sitting, in consequence of an attack of the gout. He vehemently denounced the English Church Union, and the attempt of the bishops, with the primate at their head, to fraternise with the Greek Church. "Mr. Graham has told you," said the dean, "of an Archbishop of Canterbury who gathered together men of different denominations. That good archbishop prayed with them in his palace of Lambeth, and held out his Christian hands to all faithful Protestant believers. What a contrast now, when the present amiable prelate has presumed, writing in the name of the Archbishop of Canterbury—which as an individual I deny he had a right to do—he has addressed a letter to the false and corrupt Greek Church, which is unsound in her doctrine of the Trinity, and whose worship is debased and degrading, and superstitious in the extreme. Sooner by my hand withered than that I should hold it out to the Eastern or Western churches. I expect next to see a letter from the archbishop to the Pope, asking for reconciliation, and I hope that the Pope will deal with Dr. Pusey's 'Bibleston,' and nail it on his church door as farmers nail weasels, rats, and other vermin."

A PHILOSOPHICAL Reflection from a Polish Noble.—People are always abusing those whose eminence subjects them to the public gaze, are only showing they have the minds of menials, since their delight is in blackening the great.—*Paris.*

## HOME AND DOMESTIC.

JOHN COVENY, the publican, of North Main-street, Cork, has been committed to gaol under the Lord Lieutenant's warrant.

A LARGE military and police force is in charge of the Cork county prison and its approaches, where Captain Mackay is confined. The authorities are apprehensive of an attempt at escape or rescue.

A VERY important trial in the Court of Exchequer which has occupied five days, was brought to a conclusion on Tuesday. The plaintiff was Mr. Crossley, a merchant of Halifax, and the defendant Mr. Elworthy, managing director of the London and Colonial Company (Limited), for alleged false and fraudulent representations of the financial condition of that company in order to induce the plaintiff to invest in it. The point thus raised is one to which recent commercial events have given an unusual interest, and much anxiety was felt as to the result. The jury found for the plaintiff. Damages £35,000.

ON Saturday, while the pilot engine at the Slough junction of the Great Western Railway was towing some trucks into the siding there, both engine and trucks, from some unexplained cause, got off the metals, blocking up both the up and down lines; and although a large number of men were set to work, two hours elapsed before the blockage was removed. A considerable delay in the traffic accordingly ensued, as it became necessary to work the up trains on the down line from Taplow to Slough, there being no crossing near the spot where the accident occurred. Fortunately no one was hurt.

LATE on Sunday night another fatal disregard of the rule of the road at sea produced a collision in the Gull Stream off Ramsgate. The ship Superior, outward bound to Carthagena, was on the star-board tack, steaming S.W. by S., with the wind N.W. The night was clear and starlight, when the lights of the Lena, screw steamer, bound to London from Odessa, came in sight. Which vessel was to blame remains yet to be established, but one or other blundered with the helm, and the result was that the steamer cut the ship down abaft the fore rigging to such an extent that she sank directly, giving the crew, two only excepted, scant time to scramble on board the steamer. The two men who failed to reach the Lena were drowned. The latter vessel was also much injured, but managed to get into port.

A SINGULAR and fatal accident was the subject of inquiry on Friday at Liverpool. Peter Bragan, an old man troubled with rheumatism, had obtained a colourless liniment, which on Sunday last he gave to his wife and asked her to rub it upon one of his hips. She poured some of the liquid upon her hands, and after rubbing her husband for some time, in order to increase its efficacy, she warmed her hands at the fire. The liquid on her hands became ignited, and she was very severely burned. Her husband approached to render her assistance, and the liquid upon his hip became ignited also, his clothes were burned, and he sustained such serious injuries that he died in the Northern Hospital on the following Thursday. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

IT is now understood that the candidate whom the Liberals intend bringing forward to contest Sir Morton Peto's seat, in opposition to Mr. John William Miles, the Conservative candidate, is Mr. Samuel Morley. It is, however, at the same time stated that, as Mr. Morley is at present out of England, and will remain on the Continent for some weeks, Sir Morton's resignation is not yet to be tendered. The Conservatives, who have been canvassing for some weeks, and who express confidence in the result, complain of this as virtually depriving the city for a time of half of its representation. There is talk of a large Liberal meeting next week, but Mr. Morley, who is only known to a small portion of the electoral body, will, of course, be absent. The list of Mr. Miles's committee, which has been published, is a most influential one.

THE Oxford crew repeated their practice to Ifley and back twice on Saturday, with Mr. W. P. Bowman of last year's eight as their guide, in the absence of Messrs. Wood and Tottenham, who have respectively been steering. The men seem now well accustomed to their places, keeping excellent time, rowing with a good swing; and being possessed of the attributes of weight, strength, and stamina, they would appear likely to make an unusually good crew. Mr. Still, the president of the Cambridge Boat Club, who visited Oxford last week, is not, however, in the slightest degree dismayed by the promising appearance of the Oxford eight, but regards the presence of Mr. Tottenham in the boat as the most favourable circumstances for the dark blue, as that gentleman knows every inch of the London water, and has shown in former inter-university races such a thorough knowledge of the use of the rudder-lines. The race will be rowed on Saturday, April 4th, and as the tide is most favourable about the middle of the day, a better opportunity than usual will be afforded for witnessing the popular event.

A VERY extraordinary incident occurred on the South Leicester-shire branch of the London and North-Western Railway, on Saturday morning last. As the train which left Nuneaton at ten a.m. was approaching Narborough, the engine-driver observed something lying between the metals, and at once took means to bring the engine to a stand, but was unable to do so until it had proceeded some 300 yards beyond the object which had attracted his attention. As soon as he had succeeded in stopping the train he at once returned down the line, accompanied by the guard and two or three passengers, when they discovered a "navvy" lying upon the line, between the rails, helplessly drunk, and fast asleep; so entirely was he overcome, in fact, that it required the united efforts of the guard and his companions to rouse him from his perilous slumbers. Although the whole of the train had passed over him he was in no way injured, and was perfectly unconscious of the danger to which he had exposed himself. He soundly abused the men for disturbing him, and making a desperate resistance, declared that he would not move from the spot. Ultimately a "hurry" in use on the line was procured, and the foolish fellow was laid upon it, and, with considerable difficulty, conveyed to the train and thence to the police-station at Leicester, where he was left to recover his senses, and to ruminate upon the dangers into which his drinking propensities had led him.

## THE CIVIL SERVICE.

The opinion gains ground that nothing less than a Royal Commission will redress the grievances and reform the abuses of our Civil Service. The anomalies of that service are so numerous, and so deeply-rooted, that to attempt to cope with them by the wandering inquiries of amateur commissioners is a certain way of rousing ill-feeling and disappointment. The proceedings of the Committee appointed by the Treasury, composed of Mr. Ward Hunt, Mr. Selator-Booth, and Mr. Mowbray, are already criticised in official circles. The alleged object being to inquire into Custom-house grievances, it is asked, and with some justice, whether these gentlemen bring special knowledge or technical training to their task; whether their labours are systematic and with a definite aim; or, whether the "inquiry" will leave off as it began, and have no other result than that of providing a glib but hollow answer to troublesome questions in the House. The matter is too deep and complicated to be dealt with in this pleasant off-hand way. The Custom-house movement is but a type of other movements in the same direction, and it is said that the pigeon-holes of the Treasury are at this moment choked up with petitions for revision from the various departments under its control. Any inquiry, to be useful, must be searching and extensive.—*Daily News.*



## METROPOLITAN.

A HANDSOME claret jug, bearing an appropriate inscription, has been presented by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs of London to Mr. Deputy Tegg, in recognition of his valuable services as chairman of the entertainment committee at the late banquet at Guildhall.

The Council of King's College, London, has accepted from the Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, the resignation of the office of Principal, and resolved now to receive names of candidates for the appointment. Particulars as to the office may be obtained from the Secretary. The election will probably be made early in May.

On Wednesday, Sarah Britten was again examined before the Clerkenwell magistrates on the charge of attempting to murder her husband by cutting his throat. The surgical testimony was to the effect that, although it was possible that the man might have inflicted the wound himself, it was more likely to have been done by another person. He is not yet out of danger.—The prisoner was remanded.

The public will be pleased to learn that the directors of the Crystal Palace Company have kindly placed the use of their magnificent building at the disposal of Mr. Charles Morton, in order that a day and night fête may be given on Monday, March 2, in aid of those artists who have been thus suddenly thrown out of engagements by the late fire at the Oxford Music Hall. M. Blondin, E. W. Mackney, and the Christy Minstrels have already offered their valuable services.

The contradictions given by the Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, the Lord Chief Baron, and other judges on Saturday in their respective courts of the reported death of Mr. Justice Shee were received with expressions of great satisfaction by the Attorney-General and Serjeant Ballantine on the part of the bar generally. It was the first day of the sittings at Guildhall, and the list contained an entry of 146 causes, of which 63 were remanets from the last sittings, and 57 are marked to be tried by special juries.

Owing to the want of funds, the new buildings in connection with the Great Northern Hospital still remain closed. Efforts, however, are being made to raise the necessary money, so as to enable the committee to increase the number of free beds for the sick poor. Amongst others, the Holloway Volunteer Fire Brigade have announced a musical and dramatic entertainment for the 11th of March, at the Myddelton Hall, Islington, and it is to be hoped that so deserving an object will meet with a liberal response. Tickets can be had of the honorary treasurer, Mr. Geary, Holloway-road.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MACDONALD made the annual inspection of the school of arms of the 1st Surrey Rifles on Saturday evening, at their head-quarters, Camberwell, in the presence of a very numerous and fashionable audience. The classes were exercised in boxing, fencing, gymnastics, and dumb bells. The general expertness and proficiency evinced by the competitors were highly creditable, and drew forth the repeated plaudits of the spectators. At the conclusion of the evolutions a vocal and instrumental concert was given by lady and gentlemen amateurs, assisted by professional talent. The programme, which was of a varied and entertaining nature, was carried out with considerable ability and spirit, and to the evident satisfaction of the audience. The band of the corps played a choice selection of music during the evening, and the audience separated highly gratified with the entertainments which had been presented for their amusement.

On Tuesday the Fenian prisoners in custody for the Clerkenwell outrage were brought up again for examination at Bow-street, when a new surprise awaited the crowd which filled the court. Mr. Giffard said that he had information which was conclusive as to the innocence of Allen, and evidence enough having been given to satisfy the magistrate on that point, the prisoner was discharged. On leaving the court-house, he was again arrested by Inspector Potter, the coroner's jury having returned a verdict of wilful murder against him. The other seven prisoners were remanded for a week. Mr. Giffard said that the case for the prosecution was closed, and they will, therefore, in all probability, be committed at the next sitting.

On Tuesday afternoon, about half-past one o'clock, the Customs warehouses on the arrival platform at the Charing-cross Station of the South-Eastern Railway caught fire, it is supposed from a stove pipe in one of the offices. Almost immediately the whole of the Customs offices, which were entirely constructed of wood and canvas, burst into flame. Prompt measures were taken to flood the bridge, which was thus preserved; but in the Customs offices it was impossible to check the flames, which ultimately caught the roof of the station. Here the fire brigade attacked the fire, and in the course of an hour had the mastery. The roof is seriously damaged, but the traffic, which was suspended during the afternoon, was resumed at night so far as to admit of the departure of the Continental mail. On Wednesday the trains ran as usual.

CONVOCAATION re-assembled on Tuesday after the recess, when there was a more than usual attendance. In the Upper House, the new Bishop of Lichfield put in an appearance, and in the Lower House Dr. Hook, the Dean of Chichester, who has not before been present. The two main subjects before the Lower House were the Colenso scandal and the Lambeth conference. In respect to the first, petitions and gravamina were presented, the object of most of which was to induce Convocation to take any further steps in its power to enforce the sentence of deposition and excommunication passed by the African bishops against Dr. Colenso. On the second subject there was a warm debate. Canon Woodford moved that the President be asked to direct the episcopal letter to be read in that House. The Dean of Westminster considered that by this was intended a formal acknowledgment of the synodical character of the Lambeth conference, and gave it his strongest opposition. Eventually the terms of the motion were altered somewhat in favour of the dean's views, but still proposed by him was rejected by an overwhelming majority. In the Upper House no business was transacted.

## THE UPPER TEN.

The Upper Ten Thousand, who turn out to be only Seven Thousand, have been made unpleasantly conspicuous of late. One day it is a Baronet, the scion of a highly respectable family of evangelical principles, who is sentenced to pass eighteen months in breaking stones, picking oakum, and turning the treadmill, for carrying an actress while his wife is still alive—a lady of good culture and unblemished reputation. Then comes an Honourable of temperate habits, who is fined £1,200 for marrying the daughter of a pew-opener of a Birmingham synagogue, after having plighted his "honour" to a barmaid at Crews. Next in order, but foremost in infamy, stands the Joint Hereditary Grand Chamberlain of England, who, with a rent-roll of over £70,000 a year, breeds pug-dogs for sale, passes off another man's wife as his own, strives to cast a slur upon the unsullied name of his own daughter, despoils her goods, and turns adrift upon the world his gentle nurse, his affectionate companion for fifteen years, and places Hagar in Sarah's seat. And now an Earl enjoys his proud distinction barely two years before his stud is brought to the hammer, and his estate mulcted of £100,000 to cover the follies of his youth. And these men are our law-makers. From such men as these English society receives its tone and colouring. To these, and such as these, our middle classes look up with envy and admiration.—*Leader.*

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. STEWEN'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

## PROVINCIAL.

THE man Gregory, who surrendered himself to the police as one of the poachers concerned in the murder of Lord Wharfedale's gamekeeper, has been committed for trial on the capital charge.

At a meeting of the Conservatives of South Leicestershire, held last week, it was resolved to bring forward Lord Curzon and Mr. Albert Pell as the constitutional candidates at the general election.

THE Vice-Chancellor appointed Wednesday for the election of a burgess to serve in Parliament for Cambridge University, in the room of the Right Hon. Lord Justice Selwyn. The poll was taken in the Senate House on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and will be open on next Monday, from ten a.m. to one p.m.

A VERDICT of manslaughter has been found by a Shropshire coroner's jury against a woman named Taylor, who had undertaken the care of a servant girl's illegitimate child for two shillings a week. The child was in good health when it was given into Mrs. Taylor's hands, and died, according to the doctor's evidence, from inflammation of the lungs, greatly accelerated by want of proper food and nourishment.

THE Home Secretary has put his veto on a gigantic lottery, or "annual sale by ballot," announced to take place at Oxford, for the benefit of "of the suffering thousands of London and the homeless poor of Oxford." The Mayor (Mr. J. R. Carr) has been communicated with by Mr. Hardy, and a correspondence has ensued which will probably lead the Government to prohibit the numerous monster draws which are now going on throughout the kingdom.

ON Wednesday, when the West mainland was swept by a very heavy gale, great damage was done to the fine and famous ruins of the Palace of Birsey, the ancient seat of the Norwegian earls in Orkney. On the day mentioned about thirty feet of the strong western facade of the palace, along with two tall chimney-stacks, were blown down, and fell inwards about fifty feet across the quadrangle. In the part of the building damaged only four feet in height of the wall is left standing above ground, and the imposing effect of the ruins on that side has thus been greatly impaired.

PATRICK LENNON, who was charged with having taken a prominent part in the Fenian "rising" in March last, was sentenced on the indictment of treason-felony to fifteen years' penal servitude. When the prisoner was asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed on him, he replied that he had nothing to say as to the sentence. He wished, however, to state in reference to four letters which were said to have been sent to four London papers by the London committee, that the letters did not come from the directory. The Fenian organisation had nothing to do with it. It was the act of one man who had gone out of the organisation.

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE too place on Friday at Leeds, by which the premises and machinery of a large building firm were destroyed, and damage to the extent of several thousands of pounds inflicted, and many workmen thrown out of employ. Unfortunately fires of this description are not of so unusual occurrence as to require special remark; but in this case there appears to be evidence that the mischief was caused by burglars. It is imagined that finding themselves unable to force open a large safe supposed to contain money, they broke their way out of the counting-house into the carpenter's shop to obtain more powerful tools, and when there probably set fire to the place accidentally. Perhaps other catastrophes of the kind where everything has been left and remained safe for hours, and where the outbreak has been inexplicable, may have had a similar origin.

As illustrating the ignorance which prevails among the working classes on religious subjects, notwithstanding the control which has been exercised by the clergy over their schools for so many years, a correspondent sends the following story; the scene was a village in the diocese of London, and within seven miles of the General Post Office. A child was brought to be christened at the village church. The officiating clergyman asked the usual question, "Has this infant been baptised?" "Oh, yes, sir!" was the answer of the godmother. Knowing that this was not the case, the minister required to be informed of the name of the person who had administered the rite. "Mr. —, the druggist." "Oh, you mean that Mr. — has registered the child." "Dang it all," was the reply, "that's what I meant. I thought it was the same thing." A titter from the standers by and a rebuke from the clergyman followed.

SOME of the steam coal colliers of South Wales have refused to accept the reduction proposed by the masters, and they are now out on strike. In Monmouthshire all the house coal hands are also out. A case of gross intimidation has occurred at Abertillery, where Messrs. Jayne and Co. have a colliery which yields a considerable quantity of water, and the horses are always kept underground. The engine-driver was induced to leave, and another man engaged in his place was prevailed upon by threats not to take charge of the machinery used to keep the pit clear of water. There were several horses underground, and it was necessary that they should be fed, and a workman from a neighbouring establishment promised to go down, but a body of the colliers waited upon his wife and warned her as to the result of her husband rendering any assistance. This, again, had the desired effect, and for three days the poor horses were without any food, and the engine had to be worked and the fires kept up by the manager and his assistant. The interference of the police partially checked this state of terrorism, but the dispute still continues, and there is no prospect of a settlement.

## AN AUTHOR'S MISTAKES.

As Mr. Anthony Trollope cannot be expected to be familiar with all the laws and customs of St. Stephen's, it may be permitted to point out, for correction in a future edition of the interesting novel now being published in *St. Paul's Magazine*, two or three minor incidents in the parliamentary life of Mr. Phineas Finn not quite authorized by Hatsell and May. Mr. Phineas, having been elected on occasion of a general election member for the Irish borough of Loughshane, goes immediately to pay a hurried visit to his family in the neighbouring town of Killaloe, but cannot stay more than a day or two, being obliged to be in London to take his seat "next Friday." Now, though the necessary time between a dissolution and the assembling of a new Parliament has been shortened in this reign, an interval of thirty-five days at least is still necessary under 15 and 16 Vic. c. 23, between the Queen's proclamation and the new Parliament's coming together. Mr. Finn, arrived in London by the early day named, goes then to the House, takes the oaths, and the same night sits out the debate on the Address in answer to the Queen's speech. But nothing is said of the election of Speaker, which would have been the first business, before the swearing in of members, which again should have consumed several days before the Queen's speech. On the change of Government, which quickly follows the meeting of the new Parliament, the effect of the clever scene in the House of Commons, when Mr. Daubeny, the retiring leader, announces the resignation of the Government, is a little spoiled by the presence of Mr. Midway, the Opposition leader, who has been "sent for" by the Queen, and a speech from him, it being the invariable practice and strict etiquette that the person who has been "sent for" does not appear in the House when the ministerial resignation is announced.

## FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

A BILL to secure international copyright with Great Britain has been introduced into the American Senate.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS has started a new paper in Paris, published three times a week, under the title of *D'Artagnan*.

LARGE delegations of Indians from the Utahs, Choctaws, Cherokees, Shawnees, and Stockbridges are in Washington, consulting with the Government in behalf of those tribes.

INTELLIGENCE has reached New York, via San Francisco, that a civil war has broken out in Japan. The Daimios have revolted and taken the Mikado prisoner. The Shogun escaped to Osaka, and was organising a force to attack the Daimios.

A VERY serious fire raged in the docks at Antwerp during the beginning of the week. It broke out on Saturday in a vessel containing 200 barrels of petroleum oil, and the flames communicated to two other ships, while three more were damaged.

A LETTER from Rome, in the *Corriere delle Marche*, states that the sum to be paid for the dispensation asked from the Pope on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Humbert with his cousin the Princess Margherita will be £4,000.

A WILL was left a few days ago by the German Pastor Holzapfel, of Reifnitz. It consists of this one line only:—"My soul to God, my body to the earth, my money to our deaf and dumb hospital." The property of the deceased amounts to about 70,000 florins.

We read in the *France*:—"Earl Russell and Lord Clarendon have returned from Italy. Earl Russell proceeds at once to London, but Lord Clarendon will remain some time in Paris, where he will probably have an opportunity of communicating to French statesmen the impressions derived from his journey."

THE total number of publishing firms in the United States is 180, including the Government as one. These are all in twenty towns or cities in fourteen States. New York contains 80; Philadelphia, 31; Boston, 25; Hartford, 8; Cincinnati, 5; Albany, 4; Chicago, 4; Springfield (Massachusetts), 2; San Francisco, 2; and eleven other places 1 each.

THE latest accounts from Paraguay are certainly not favourable for the Brazilian army. President Lopez held his position with great tenacity, and the allied army were making no impression on it. There was much sickness in the allied army and the fleet, and that fears should be entertained in Rio as to the result of the war is only natural. The revolution in Santa Fé had assumed serious proportions.

THE City of London, from New York on the 8th, brings confirmation of the favourable reception by the President of Mr. Thornton, the British Minister to the United States. Mr. Johnson said that the Queen of England, more than any other Sovereign, enjoyed the respect and sympathy of the American people, and that her kind message encouraged him to hope for a speedy adjustment of the existing differences between the two Governments.

AN employe on the Orleans Railway has invented an amalgamation of coal and other combustible materials, especially petroleum made for convenience of use in the form of bricks, which, it is said, is calculated to effect an immense saving in the fuel necessary for generating steam. It burns with intense heat and for a long time, and is likely to be extensively employed very shortly on the Orleans line, where some very satisfactory experiments have been made with this material. The compound is called *briquettes bordelaises*.

WHEN Mdlle. Lucca made her debut at St. Petersburg as Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust," the enthusiasm she created was so great that she was called before the curtain twenty-two times. She has since sung in the "Africaine" and in "Don Giovanni." When singing Zerlina she was encored twice in the second aria, and the demands for a double repetition of a later song were so vehement that the Emperor had to give the signal for the performance to proceed. The demands for encores continued to be so frequent that a public notice was issued by the management to say she could sing her music only twice.

SOME one alluded before Admiral Farragut at a late entertainment in France, to an act of heroism which he performed, and which everyone remembered well. In a naval action the smoke hung so thickly over his ship's deck, that it prevented him from following as perfectly as he wished the movements of the enemy. He ascended to a platform situated a hundred feet above the deck, and from there, admirably placed so as to serve as target, he commanded the battle to the end. "Oh!" answered he, "some noise was made about that, but it was not as people told it. I had gone up there to see better, but it often happens that one faints when wounded; so, to ensure me in such a case from a fall on the deck, an officer took a piece of rope, and tied me to the mast—that's all." "That's all" is touching in its modesty.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has eight judges, each of whom has a salary of 6,000 dollars, with the exception of the Chief Justice, who receives 500 dollars more. Their ages are: Chief Justice Chase (of Ohio), sixty; Grier (of Pennsylvania), seventy-two; Clifford (of Massachusetts), sixty-five; Nelson (of New York), seventy; Field (of California), forty-five; Davis (of Illinois), sixty; Swayne (of Ohio), fifty-five; Miller (of Iowa), forty-one. Messrs. Nelson and Clifford are Democrats; Grier, doubtful; Field, Johnsonian; Davis, Conservative Republican; Chase, Swayne, and Miller, Radical. The number of judges has been reduced to seven, so that if one of the judges—who are appointed for life or "during good behaviour"—dies or retires, no successor will be appointed. The details of the Court are left to Congress, which has a constitutional power to say how many shall constitute a quorum, or what majority shall be required for a decision.

INTELLIGENCE has been received of the total loss of the fine iron screw steam ship Norfolk, on the French coast, between Ushant and Brest, during the late heavy gales. The ill-fated vessel was on a voyage from the Tyne to Barcelona, with a cargo of coals, and advices from Roscoff state that a large steamer was seen to disappear amongst the reefs which extend off Pontus Point. A hurricane was blowing at the time, and it is supposed that the crew, numbering eighteen persons, must have been washed off the deck by the tremendous sea which was running. A quantity of wreckage has been washed ashore on the sands at Plouescat, near Brest, and from the examination of some papers found in a drawer there is no doubt that the unfortunate vessel was the Norfolk. A life buoy, marked Norfolk, has also been picked up by some of the Roscoff boatmen. This sad loss took place in the same vicinity of coast where a large ship called the Wilfred, bound to London from Madras, was wrecked a short time since, and abounds with dangerous shoals and reefs. The Norfolk was the property of Mr. R. Young, M.P. She was built at Sunderland in 1866, and was about 600 tons register. The greater portion of her crew belonged to or were connected with the port of Wisbeach. Her master, Captain Ferndale, had been a commander many years, and was a very careful navigator. He has left a widow and several children. The officers of the ship were also efficient men, and much respected.

A FACT in connection with the Russian Court is worth mentioning. The leather exhibited here exemplifies by its important qualities the great value of the well-kept secret of the tanning process for which Russia has so long been famous. Its softness, its durability, its peculiar and pleasant odour, and its imperviousness to wet, recommend this leather for every description of boot. To cover our poor feet after all there is nothing like leather, and there is no leather like Russian. The fact alluded to is this—that the whole of the best samples in the department have been secured by an Englishman, Mr. S. W. NORMAN, of Westminster-bridge-road, Lambeth.—*The Cosmopolitan*.—[ADVT.]





HIGH STREET, WELLS.

## BLOOMSBURY OR BROMPTON.

THE doubts we expressed as to the willingness of men of science to see the natural history collection removed from Bloomsbury to Brompton are more than confirmed by a recurrence to the evidence given to the parliamentary committees and Royal commissioners who for years past have been engaged on the matter. And, as it happens, foremost among those who deprecate any such removal is the actual keeper of the zoological collection, Dr. Gray, to whom, in fact, its creation is practically due. In justice also to Dr. Gray, it should be added that the existing system of exhibition at the Museum, which was censured in our columns a few months ago, is wholly opposed to his views. When president of the Natural History Section of the British Association, at its meeting at Bath, he put forth the very plan which we advocated, proposing to exhibit to miscellaneous visitors a selection of all the types of genera and the more interesting and striking species, with every facility for the examination of every single specimen by those who cared to see more. The plan was approved by all the naturalists present; it has since been adopted in some of the Continental and nearly all the American museums, and is beginning to be so universally recognised as the only rational method, satisfying both the multitude of sightseers and the scientific few, that M. Agassiz has thought it worth while to question whether its first proposal was due to himself or to Dr. Gray. At the same meeting of the association the president urged the formation of a small number of branch museums in the more suburban parts of London, where selections of the more typical and attractive specimens which could

be spared from the Bloomsbury collection should be exhibited for the benefit of the inhabitants of the various neighbourhoods. Here, in truth, is a matter in which the Museum authorities might take a lesson from the South Kensington people. The cost of hiring house room for such branch collections and paying the necessary attendants would be well bestowed, while the occasional superintendence of the Museum authorities would cost but little. All that is needed is a little zeal, a little tact, and a little energy.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

## THE HIGH STREET, WELLS.

THE quaint old city of Wells takes its name from St. Andrew's spring or well. The market-place is an extensive area, communicating by an ancient gateway with the cathedral close. The city grew out of a college founded here in 704 by King Ina, who was buried here. It was founded into a Bishop's see as early as 905, and was joined to Bath about William Rufus's time.

## ST. MARK'S CHURCH, TOLLINGTON PARK, HORNSEY ROAD.

THIS sacred edifice was erected in 1853-4, and is built of Kentish ragstone, with Bath stone dressings. In plan the church is cruciform, consisting of nave, north and south transepts, and stair turrets leading to transept galleries, and there is also a western gallery. The style is the Early English of the thirteenth century. It will accommodate about 1,000 persons, and only cost £5,000 in its erection.

## A FIJIAN TREATY.

SOME twenty years ago three seamen deserted from a United States vessel and took shelter in the Fiji Islands. An officer having subsequently sought for them there, it was, after much evasion, confessed by the King that two men had been eaten. A demand for an indemnity was made, to which the Fijian monarch agreed, and one of the instalments was paid. The remainder was not thought of till about two weeks ago, when a singular form of treaty was received from the Fiji Islands at the State Department in Washington. This treaty consists of an immense tooth of a whale, of variegated colour, bound by a grass cord. This tooth-treaty was produced by an agent who announced that the Fijian king would mortgage his islands to the United States for the payment of the remaining instalments due for the eaten seamen, if the President on his part would undertake to prevent a certain rival Fijian claimant of the throne from making war against the legitimate sovereign. The envoy said that if the President accepted the tooth from his hand it would be equivalent to the ratification of the treaty. The tooth was wrapped in a cloth made of the inner bark of a tree. It will probably have to make its appearance in the Senate.

THE Lord Lieutenant, in replying to a Dublin deputation which waited upon him, to urge upon the Government the establishing of an institute of science and art in Dublin similar to that at South Kensington, expressed his sympathy with the object, and promised to use his influence in its behalf.



ST. MARK'S CHURCH, TOLLINGTON PARK, HORNSEY



## HOW TO MAKE GOOD BUTTER.

At a farmers' meeting in Fermanagh a letter was read from Mr. Bull, of West Town, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, informing his correspondent that he makes from 400 to 500 lb. of butter a week, and that he has just contracted with a London house to deliver all the butter he make at the nearest railway station, at 20d. a pound for eight months of the year, and at 18d. a pound during the remaining four months. The Fermanagh farmers, to whom this letter was read, do not get half the price for their butter that this Sussex farmer gets. The reason is that the Sussex butter is carefully made, and the Irish carelessly made. Mr. Bull has a herd of Alderneys which are milked at regular intervals in a dry and comfortable barn; his milk stands in well-scalded tin pans for thirty-six hours before being skimmed, in a dairy warmed to 60 degrees, each pan receiving half a teaspoonful of saltpetre before the milk is strained into it; the cream is churned in Tinkler's churns twice a week; as soon as the butter comes, the buttermilk is run out, and the butter re-churned in cold water for a couple of minutes, and then kneaded in eight-pound lumps with wooden butter knives on a board, slightly salted, and well dried with cloths before it is made up for sale. Great care, too, is taken in feeding the Alderneys. They are tethered on grass during the summer, and fed on a variety of roots during the winter, a few cabbages, a few swedes, mangold and carrots (all well trimmed of rotten leaf), bran, oil cake, and the best meadow hay. They are kept in dry, warm, airy, clean, scantily littered stalls in the winter months; and their butter, which averages 9lb. a week through the year, is of a pretty even quality at all seasons, and will keep perfectly sweet for ten days. In Ireland, careless feeding, irregularity and dirt in milking and in dealing with the milk afterwards, half work in manipulating the butter after it has come, filthy floors, foul air, and tainted pans, plenty of coarse salt and bad packing, make Irish butter dearer at 9d. a pound than Sussex butter is at 18d. The provision merchants complain, too, that the Irish butter is

## EMIGRANTS TO AMERICA.

NOTHING can be better adapted for the purpose designed than the New York State Commission of Emigration. The legislature of New York, in consequence of the impositions to which emigrants from Europe to the United States were exposed in the course of their long voyage by sea and by land, passed an act for the appointment of commissioners, to watch over and protect their interests. Six of these commissioners are appointed by the governor, with the consent of the Senate. The Mayor of New York, the Mayor of Brooklyn, and the Presidents of the German and Irish Emigrant Societies are *ex officio* members, and make up the full number of ten, who compose the board. The services of these gentlemen are gratuitous, and they have been always selected with an exclusive regard to the public welfare, and without any consideration of pecuniary or political advantage. Before the organisation of this commission in 1847, about twenty years ago, the emigrant was at the mercy of a band of plunderers, who, scattered along the whole of his lengthened route, so robbed and maltreated him that he was not only deprived of all his money and health, but often of life. Those highwaymen, disguised as shipping merchants, boarding-house keepers, ticket agents, and canal-boat captains, but familiarly known as "baggage smashers," "runners," and "scalpers," had, in the course of time, enriched themselves with the spoils of the emigrant, and, by means of their wealth, acquired a corrupt but vigorous political influence. They resisted with all their might the appointment of commissioners, and were only beaten at last after a long struggle. "The warfare, however did not end here," says one (the Hon. Thurlow Weed, of New York) who took a foremost and honourable part in it; "the ticket agents transferred themselves to Europe, commencing and successfully carrying on their depredations on the other side of the Atlantic. Thousands of emigrants arrived with their railroad tickets purchased abroad, for which they had paid not only double and treble the regular fare, but upon their arrival here (New York) they

## SEEDLING RHUBARB.

As the rhubarb is a plant which produces seed very freely, almost the whole of which will germinate, it is impossible, with the largest space of ground, to have the whole of them planted out so as to put the qualities of the seedlings to the test. As the readiest way of ascertaining which of them are most likely to repay the trouble of cultivating, I have found it an excellent plan to sow the seed in pots as gathered. These being kept under cover during the winter months, not so much as a protection to the plants as for the sake of preventing the pots from being injured by the frost, the young plants will be found to vegetate very early in the spring; showing from the first a difference of character, not only as to precocity, but in other respects also, as to growth and habit. Even at this time, therefore, some may be selected as the subject of experiment, and planted out; but the preferable plan, I think, is to allow the whole to remain in the seed-pots till the end of the season, when the difference of character is more decidedly marked. Those of the earliest and strongest habit will then have gained greatly on the others in point of size, and will otherwise show the qualities which should determine the selection as to which are most likely to reward the cultivator by turning out a new and valuable variety. The qualities in question I hold to be, chiefly, a stalk that is thick, succulent, and a red colour; and a leaf that is round in shape, smooth on the surface, and a fleshy texture.

In this way, the plants which make the best promise may be selected; but my remarks as to the subsequent treatment apply equally, if not more, to the best of the varieties already in cultivation. The mode which I pursue is this:—Having chosen ground with a warm aspect, I have the soil dug out down to the subsoil, which in the instance now referred to is chalk at no great depth, say from eighteen inches to two feet. The space so dug out is about two feet in diameter. Of the earth dug out, I reject the lower and poorer portion, mixing the rest with leaf-mould, and



THE SCHOOL OF MURILLO.

dishonestly and ill packed, that casks stated to weigh but 14lb. often weigh 17 lb., and that the butter they contain is often short of the invoiced weight. Then the casks are so badly made that they do not keep the air and dirt out, and the butter gets "sidey," and has to be scraped at a loss to the retailer; and as many country retailers are also drapers neatness of package is a great consideration with them. With the reputation Irish butter now bears, the best "Clonmel" does not command within 20s. a cwt. of the market price of either Normandy or Dorset.

We, *United Service Gazette*, are given to understand that H.M.S. Wyvern is at present armed with "three guns and a half," the explanation of this circumstance being that in experimenting with 150lb. shot the breach of one of the muzzle-loading 300-pounders was blown completely off. An order has been given that the Wyvern is not to fire her guns for the present.

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty of our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by F. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 60, Oxford-street; and Butler and Cripe, Cheapside.—[ADV.]

found themselves with bogus tickets and bogus drafts. Innocent and unprotected girls came consigned to houses of prostitution." The practices became unendurable, and the commissioners decided promptly to send to Europe an agent who succeeded in obtaining the co-operation of the various governments, and thus breaking up the foreign ticket agencies. Ever since, the long passage of the emigrant from his old home to his new destination, guarded by a beneficent care, has been of comparative safety, comfort, and enjoyment. He no sooner arrives in American waters than he is brought under the protecting influence of the commissioners at New York. Their agents, always on the alert, board each vessel as it comes up the bay, and take immediate charge of the poor emigrant passengers, with whom no one else is allowed to have any intercourse, lest their ignorance and inexperience should be preyed upon by the designing.—*Broadway*.

## A NEW IDEA.

THE idea started by the *Mediterraneo*, of making Naples the Italian capital, has been taken up by Madame Rattazzi (Princess de Solms-Buonsparte), who, in an enthusiastic poem published in *L'Indipendente*, warmly supports the project, declaring it to be in accordance with the desire of "the heart of Italy." The articles since published by the *Mediterraneo* leave little doubt that the proposal of transferring the capital to Naples is only part of a plan for destroying Italian unity. It urges that Italy cannot throw off the French alliance, as her only resource in such a case would be to ally herself with Prussia, which would produce a Franco-Austrian alliance and an occupation of Piedmont by France and of Lombardy by Austria, thus cutting off the Prussian from the Italian forces, and leaving Naples and Sicily isolated. The only way of preventing such a contingency, the *Mediterraneo* adds, is to establish an Italian federation, which would be heartily supported by France, and would be far more capable of defending itself against foreign aggression than the present kingdom, which is distracted by internal difficulties and quarrels.

with fresh soil of as good a quality as I can procure. The soil thus improved, I further enrich with guano, / superphosphate of lime, soot, and bone-dust; all, or as many of them as I can at one time command, not forgetting some well-rotted stable manure. The whole of these being thoroughly incorporated with the soil, I place at the bottom of the hole, above the subsoil, a layer of bones of a considerable size, over which is put some of the mixture to the depth of six inches, then a few more bones with more earth, alternately, till the hole is not only filled up, but there is a hillock, say of a foot and a half above the level of the ground. In the centre of this I make an opening and fill up with leaf-mould, or any other good unmixed earth, for the reception of the plant, in order that the roots may not touch the richer soil until they are in a growing state, before which they might be injured by the strength of the manure.

As a proof how well this has answered with myself, I may state that soon after the "Prince Albert" was introduced, now, I should imagine, at least twelve or fourteen years ago, I had three small plants of it, which I treated in the manner here recommended. Though put in at a distance of six feet from each other, they now appear like one large plant, the heads being joined together, and the crowns of the roots approaching very near.—*Rev. C. Mackie, in Horticultural Society's Proceedings*.

A NEW PAPER.—Another Russian organ is about to make its appearance in Germany called *The Courier to Russia*. For some time past the advertisement columns of German papers were in the habit of producing a shockingly bad woodcut representing a man and a horse and a finger-post. The latter, much in the style of the famous Annesley Bay sign-post, with the inscription "To Abyssinia," was inscribed "To Russia." The man evidently in a great hurry, and his horse seemed to like it. Nothing more was said until the full-blown announcement which has now appeared. There will be 30,000 copies printed to begin with.



## THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Oriental Troupe.—The Goose with the Golden Eggs.—The Babes in the Wood. Seven.  
 DRURY LANE.—Monday and Tuesday, Richard III.—Wednesday, Musical Festival.—Rest of Week, School for Scandal.—Faw, Fee, Po, Fum. Seven.  
 HAYMARKET.—The Broken-Hearted Club.—David Garrick.—Box and Cox.—Family Jars. Seven.  
 ADELPHI.—Up for the Cattle Show.—No Thoroughfare. Seven.  
 OLYMPIC.—One Too Many for Him.—The Woman of the World.—If I Had a Thousand a Year. Seven.  
 PRINCESS'S.—Octoroon.—Arrah-na-Pogue. Seven.  
 LYCEUM.—Narcisse.—Who's to Win Him?—Cook Robin and Jenny Wren. Seven.  
 ST. JAMES'S.—The Needful.—Chimney Corner.—The Two Gregories. Half-past Seven.  
 STRAND.—Old Salt.—The Caliph of Bagdad.—Coal and Coke. Seven.  
 NEW QUEEN'S.—He's a Lunatic.—Dearer Than Life.—La Vivandiere.  
 HOLBORN.—Flying Scud.—Valentine and Orson. Seven.  
 NEW ROYALTY.—John Jones.—Daddy Gray.—The Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan. Half-past Seven.  
 PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot.—Play.—Mrs. White. Eight.  
 ST. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—The Ambassador.—Ching-Chow-Hi. Half-past Seven.  
 ASTLEY'S.—The French Spy.—Harlequin and Little Jack Horner. Seven.  
 SURREY.—The Peep Show Man.—The Fair One with the Golden Locks. Seven.  
 SADDLER'S WELLS.—Change in performances nightly. Seven.  
 STANDARD.—An Unequal Match.—Oranges and Lemons, said the Bells of St. Clement's. Seven.  
 MARYLEBONE.—Little Bo-Peep who Lost Her Sheep.—Bitter Cold. Seven.  
 NEW EAST LONDON.—The Guiding Star.—Robin Hood and His Merry Men.—The Guilty Mother. Seven.  
 BRITANNIA.—All but One.—Don Quixote. Quarter to Seven.  
 VICTORIA.—Wild Tribes of London.—Charles the Second and Pretty Nell Gwynne. Seven.  
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism. Two and Half-past Seven.  
 ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Two and Half-past Seven.  
 CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.  
 POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.  
 GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment. Eight.  
 ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels. Three and Eight.  
 EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabe's Entertainment, "Begone Dull Care." Three and Eight.  
 EGYPTIAN HALL.—Gustave's Dore's Great Paintings. Eleven till Nine.  
 AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Grand Equestrian Entertainment, &c. Two and Half-past Seven.  
 MADAME TUSSAUD'S, Baker-street.—Waxwork Exhibition.  
 ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

## THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

## 1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds. Museum of Economic Geology, Jernyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

## 2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

## The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1868.

## THE REFORM OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THAT which may have been found very suitable for the wants of the sixteenth or seventeenth century is decidedly valueless in the nineteenth. This is an age of progress, and the education of a couple of centuries ago is not the description of training to which modern youths should be subjected; as the world, its manners and requirements change, so must old-established institutions change also, or what is the consequence? They become rusty, mildewed, out of joint. Improvements upon them are desired, and if they refuse to reform themselves they are swept away altogether. These remarks especially apply to our public schools. This is not exactly a question for Parliament; it is a question for the schools themselves. Parliament has in its time meddled with many institutions of all degrees of importance and complexity, but though it has solved many much larger questions than that of the public schools, it is difficult to imagine one of which the complete solution would be more difficult. If, indeed, the problem is regarded as comprising the whole question how the public schools are to be managed, and what course of instruction is to be given in them, it is obviously wholly insoluble by legislation. An assembly of 658 gentlemen, divided into all manner of parties, and representing every shade of opinion, is about as unlikely to be able to prescribe a course of instruction for a public school as to paint a picture. Parliament can of course re-constitute the

managing bodies, prescribe general rules as to alterations to be made, alter and regulate the expenditure of endowments and the like, but it is obviously impossible for it to do more. There can thus be very little doubt, as it appears to us, as to the propriety of the general policy of the course which was proposed to Parliament by Mr. Walpole on Friday night. The public schools must be called upon in a courteous and sympathising, but still in a distinctly imperative manner to reform themselves. The general character of the reform which will have to be made admits, as it appears to us, of very little question, though it is so difficult as to be practically impossible to describe it in the language of an Act of Parliament. Some such clause as the following is all that is required:—"Be it enacted that the public schools shall modernize the course of instruction at present given in them, and shall make it more laborious, less indulgent, and cheaper." If such a provision were faithfully carried out according to the real intention of those who would pass it, all that could rationally be required would be effected. We believe that in this, as in many other practical and speculative questions, the real difficulties of the case lie rather in getting people to accept an unwelcome conclusion than in deciding what the conclusion is to which the facts point. There is simply no limit to the opportunity which the defence of the existing system affords for the display of ingenuity. People may speculate for ever on the difference between education and instruction. They may descant on the importance of training the mind by teaching it processes instead of storing it with information. They may prove in a number of ingenious ways that to teach a boy to write Latin verses or to translate Greek is equivalent to instructing him in logic, inasmuch as a variety of logical processes are or may be required in order to ascertain the meaning of a given passage, or the proper mode of expressing a given thought in a classical language. We think, notwithstanding all that can be said—and it is surprising to see how much in the way of ingenious fallacy is to be said—in favour of the existing system of public school education, the public at large are convinced that it ought to be fundamentally changed, and that it will be fundamentally changed accordingly. It is difficult of course, if not impossible, to say specifically what the nature of the change will be, but of one point we are firmly convinced. Sooner or later, and in various ways, the public will be brought to understand two or three important truths. The first and most important of them all is that the current distinction between education and instruction, between training the mind and imparting information, is a complete fallacy, as groundless and, in its way, as mischievous as the scholastic distinctions between matter and form, substance and accident, and the like. The two operations are different aspects of the same thing. The only way of educating is by instructing. The only manner in which the mind can be intellectually trained is by imparting information. Professional men gain their professional knowledge by direct study of the books in which it is contained, and by assiduous practice of the profession itself. It is the same with general education. If you want to educate a lad to be a gentleman, to be able to take his part in affairs of importance, public, private, and intellectual, you must accustom him as soon as may be to read, think, and talk about the subjects in which you wish him to take an interest. Nothing can be more pedantic than the notion that you can and ought to try to separate the formal and the material elements of thought, and that after "forming his mind" by Latin and Greek you can leave him to teach himself everything else by means of the mental habits so acquired. When this lesson has been learnt the public will perhaps go on to perceive that the reason why classical education came to assume its present importance was that, at the time when it superseded the old scholastic methods of instruction, it really did contain the substance of the highest knowledge then extant. Three hundred years ago classical learning was the most humanising, and the most interesting subject on which education could be given, and an acquaintance with the contents of the great classical books was the most important information which was available. In those days there was no physical science, and no modern literature to speak of, so that ancient literature filled just that place which is filled in the present day by modern literature and science. Lastly, when this is perceived the public will begin to ask themselves why as a matter of fact the classics form the staple of education in the public schools? and they will perceive that one principal answer is that the masters of those schools teach and must teach what they themselves know. When men have gained distinction and money by a particular set of studies it is absurd to suppose that they will go to school again in order to learn new accomplishments which will reduce the value of the old ones, which they have acquired with so much labour, and have by long practice learnt to like. It is not shoemakers alone who believe that there is nothing like leather. That famous axiom illustrates a general principle common to human nature at large. When these three lessons have sunk into the public mind they will not be long in bearing fruit in a very definite manner. We do not quite agree with Mr. Lowe, that Latin and Greek should no longer be taught in our schools, but we do believe that modern languages and science should form important items in the week's work. Then if we reform our schools we must reform our universities, but the latter reformation is the inevitable follower of the first. In conclusion, we trust that this question of education in high places will continue to receive the earnest attention of all public men, and that their exertions will shortly be crowned with the success they merit.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

## THE SUSPENSION OF THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT IN IRELAND.

WE do not accept the conclusion that the state of Ireland is worse now than it was twelve months since because the Government asks that the Habeas Corpus Act may be suspended for twelve instead of three months. It has been made plain by experience that they under-estimated the disaffection which prevailed last February, and a renewal of the Suspension Act for three months only was an invitation to the organisers of the conspiracy to prepare for the time when the inclemency of spring would give way to the milder weather of early summer. They are wiser now. They ask a renewal of suspension for twelve months in the reasonable hope that the impossibility of successfully hatching plots against a Government possessing for a whole year the power of imprisonment upon suspicion may become so apparent that those who foment Fenianism may at once abandon their designs. The experience of the past year has deepened the conviction that it is to those persons who claim to belong to two nations at once, and to owe no allegiance to either, that the active development of Fenianism must be attributed. That there is some indifference to the maintenance of the Crown, if not absolute discontent, existing in Ireland as a support to the Fenian conspiracy cannot be denied, but those who nurse this latent disaffection and try to fan it into flame are men of Irish origin or descent who have transferred their allegiance to the American Commonwealth. When their mischievous activity ceases, and they are again absorbed in peaceful pursuits, the interrupted progress of Ireland in material prosperity will be resumed, and the sullenness of the lowest classes of the population be converted into contentment.—*Times*.

## EDUCATION.

Mr. Disraeli's announcement that during the present session the Government intend to deal with the subject of primary education, has at last been lifted out of the slough of talk into the atmosphere of action. That the task of passing an adequate measure through the House will be hard, is clear; but it will be much less hard than it would have been a few years ago. For one thing, party feeling does not run high, and the country is more anxious about measures than about men. Next, the voluntaries no longer block the way with their refusals to take any aid from the State. The great difficulty will lie outside the House, among the parties who have each their pet nostrum. To decide finally between the contending plans would be premature. One thing only is clear, that the Government must no longer trust to mere voluntary effort, but must itself take the initiative, and, as Lord Stanley said at Bristol, must see that schools are planted within easy reach of every poor man's door. To produce a measure which will effect that object will, in accordance with Mr. Disraeli's pledge, be one of the great tasks of the present session.—*Telegraph*.

## EGYPT AND ABYSSINIA.

With reference to the report that the Egyptian troops are pushing forward into Abyssinia in spite of our remonstrances, we must say that it is hard to believe that the Pasha—who is, after all, only the Lieutenant of the Sultan—would attempt to beard the British Government in a matter of high policy. That the Pasha is ambitious enough to desire to establish himself in the rich and cool mountain territory there can be little doubt; that France, alarmed by the scale of our preparations, may be secretly instigating the movement is possible; but that any such action on the part of our Mahomedan and slave-trading ally will be fatal to us is clear enough. The moment the Egyptians touch Abyssinian soil the war becomes one of religion; and we, entangled in the meshes of our policy of inconsiderate haste to take up arms, shall find ourselves practically fighting the battle of the Koran against the Bible. If there is any value in diplomacy at all, it ought to put a summary stop to this movement of the Pasha. There is nothing short of ordering the fleet to Alexandria, which ought now to be done, to stop the Egyptian game; indeed, the fleet at Alexandria may be necessary, if we would not have the vast merchant fleet on the Red Sea doubled and our expedition become a war of years and untold magnitude.—*Star*.

## NATURALIZATION.

No single nation is competent to confer privileges on its citizens residing abroad by retrospective legislation, and it is equally certain that it cannot do so even prospectively, except with the consent of foreign Governments. It must always be remembered that, after all, the question is upon what conditions Governments will admit persons coming from abroad into their own territories. Neither Great Britain nor Prussia assumes for a moment to exercise any control over natural-born emigrants so long as they remain in America. The controversy respecting their position only arises when they return of their own accord to their native shores, and it manifestly rests with their former Sovereign to decide, in the first instance, what that position is to be. There is, properly speaking, no conflict of rights, but only of interest, between the country of their birth and the country of their adoption. Such conflicts of interest, however, often turn out to be more apparent than real, and the nominal rights of treating returned Fenians as British subjects would be dearly purchased by the duty of protecting them as such all over the world.—*Times*.

## RURAL JUSTICE.

Referring to the Virgilian saying that the tillers of the soil would be the happiest of mankind if they only knew their own good fortune, we wonder whether the peasantry of Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire would endorse the truth of the dictum. In the course of the last fortnight two of the happy peasantry of those favoured shires have been indicated for the heinous offence of stealing a two pennyworth of dead wood to light their fires. The first offender had the good fortune to be tried before a bench of magistrates, one of whom happened not to be a clergyman. In consequence, he escaped with paying 2d. damages, 6s. penalty, and 8s. 3d. costs. The other criminal was not equally fortunate. Both his judges were clergymen, and justice was not tempered with mercy. The man was seventy years of age; he pleaded guilty to the dire offence, and was recommended by the prosecutor to mercy on the ground that he had lost his employment and was very old. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, the Bench sent him to Aylesbury gaol for seven days. The mercy of the Church, thus represented, is sufficiently unintelligible.—*Telegraph*.

## BEGGARS.

It is the fact, despite the law, that the workhouse does not afford the requisite relief in every case, and that men and women die of starvation in consequence. While this is so the public will never be persuaded that it ought to refuse indiscriminately to every one who ask an alms. Out of a hundred there may be ninety-nine impostors, but the hundredth may need alms to save body and perhaps soul from perishing, and for the sake of that possible one people will go on giving alms to the remaining ninety-nine. No one can blame them. But Sir Robert Carden has pointed out how something better might be done. Of his fifty-one beggars there seems to have been but five who were only fit for the workhouse, and nine more who were hopeless of improvement, save by "admonition." But, then, who is to undertake the duty of restoring the vagrant to his friends, or helping him to a better way of life? Our object is to abolish begging by punishing the cheat, by restoring to their families those of the helpless whose families can help them, and by placing in the charge of the parish only those who have no strength and no friends. It is necessary, moreover, that all this should be done with the support of the law, for many of those who have entered on the pleasant paths of



mentancy will not abandon them without compulsion, and will defy the efforts of private influence. Something in the nature of a benevolent reformatory would seem to be required to make the moral investigation, and apportion duly the benevolence and the justice of the public.—*Daily News.*

#### MILITARY COLLEGES.

THE standard of age for entrance in our military colleges has just been lowered from sixteen to nineteen, to fifteen to seventeen years. Lowering the standard of age for entrance to the military colleges means simply a lower standard of acquirements in the young officers who pass through them. Some strong reasons must therefore exist for the change. The principal reasons are understood to be:—First, that the age of the cadet, under existing arrangements, is too great to permit of a very satisfactory result in subduing him to the necessary rules and regulations of such establishments. Second, that the officers join their corps too old in respect of promotion, the result being—at any rate in the seniority corps—that the rank of captain is not to be attained until too late a period of the man's life. Third, that young men above seventeen cannot be kept under proper control at what are known as "cramping schools," where they contract such habits as only militates against discipline at the colleges, but renders it a very difficult task to work up the young officer, when first commissioned, into proper military style. It must be admitted that there is considerable weight in each of these reasons; but so, also, there is in the consideration of obtaining superior acquirements, particularly for officers of the artillery and engineers. Although there have very lately been most lamentable breaches of discipline at Sandhurst, they cannot fairly be traced to the too great age of the cadets, for at Woolwich, where the cadets are much the same age, for a long time past there have been no "rows." Again, granting that the evils of the cramping schools are still observable in some of the newly-commissioned officers, a little care and trouble on the part of those in command would soon reduce even refractory subjects to a proper military and gentlemanly behaviour; in the cavalry, where the age of entrance is still greater, no insuperable difficulties are experienced. On the whole, the reduction in age, although perhaps desirable to some extent, is too great.—*Post.*

#### LITERATURE.

"David Gray, and other Essays, chiefly on Poetry." By Robert Buchanan. (Low & Co.)

THE observations on the end of Art and on the morality of Art deserve the most serious consideration. They are sound and weighty protests against a school of thought which has at present too many disciples:—

"One word, in this place, as to the end of Art—poetic art particularly, and the mistaken ideas concerning that end. That end has been described from time immemorial as 'pleasure.' Now, art is doubtless pleasant to the taste. It may be said, further, that art, even when it uses the most painful machinery, when it chronicles human agony and pictures tears and despair, does so in such a way as to cause a certain enjoyment. But the pleasure thus produced is not the aim, but an accompaniment of the aim, proportioned and regulated by qualities existing in materials extracted from life itself. The aim of all life is accompanied by pleasure, includes pleasure, in the highest sense of that word. The specific aim of art, in its definite purity, is spiritualisation; and pleasure results from that aim, because the spiritualisation of the materials of life renders them, for subtle reasons connected with the soul, more beautifully and deliciously acceptable to the inner consciousness. Even in very low art we find spiritualisation of a kind. But pleasure, as mere pleasure, is produced on every side of us by the simplest and least intricate experiences of existence itself. The wear and hopelessness of the popular creed is that it thoroughly separates art from utility. Pleasure, merely as pleasure, is worthless to beings sent down on earth to seek that euphony which purges the vision of the inner eye—beings to whom art was given, not a mere musical accompaniment to a dull drama, but as the touchstone of the mysterious chords of inquiry which invest that drama with a grand and divine significance. Nor must we confound the purifying spirit of art with didactic harmonizing and direct moral teaching. The spirit which seizes the forms of life, and passes their spiritual equivalents into the minds of men on chords of exquisite sensation, wears no academic gown, writes no formal treatises in verse. The exquisite sensation is a means, and not an end. It is a consequence of the divine system on which she works, and she produces it as much for its own sake as Nature creates a butterfly for the sake of the down on its wings. Contemporary critics are fond of affirming that art, so far from having any moral purpose, has nothing to do with morality. This is saying in effect that nature has nothing to do with morality. For art is the spiritual representation, the *alter ego*, of nature; and nothing that is true in nature is false in art. Astronomy as much as morality, concrete experiences as well as abstract ideas, have their place in nature and in art; they are a part of the whole, which has two lives, the lower and the higher, the real and the artistic. An essentially immoral form, a bestiality, a lie, an insincerity, is an outrage in life; but it has no permanent place in art, because spiritualisation is fatal to its very perceptibility. The basest things have their spiritual significance, but their baseness has evaporated when the significance is apparent. The puddle becomes part of the rainbow."

In Mr. Buchanan's exposition of his principles of Art, in the essay "On my own Tentatives," it will be observed that the author refers to the ideas upon which he has proceeded, not to the success of his process. He must, therefore, stand acquitted of all objectionable egotism; for the interest which a man exhibits in the Art to which he has devoted his life is the measure of his earnestness rather than of his vanity. The leading idea here asserted is the supreme fitness of modern and national life, even in their homeliest forms, for poetic treatment. Upon this head Mr. Buchanan observes:—

"The mania for false refinement, which distinguishes educated vulgarity, must not blind us to the truth that a large portion of the public, and these highly intellectual people, are quite incapable of perceiving the poetry existing close to their own thresholds. The little world in which they move is so vulgar and sordid, or so artificial, that the further they escape from its suggestions they feel the freer. What they cannot feel in the office or the drawing-room they try to find in the garden of Academus. Their daily life, their daily knowledge and duty, is not earnest enough to supply their spiritual needs, and they very naturally conclude that the experience of their neighbours is as mean as theirs. In the ranks of such men we not seldom find the lost student; but the majority call themselves cultured, as their neighbours call themselves virtuous,—just for want of some other spicier peculiarity to distinguish them from their fellows. Let it be at once conceded that our modern life is complex and irritating, and, at a superficial glance, only deficient in picturesque. Streets are not beautiful, and this is the age of streets; trade seems selfish and common, and this is the age of trade; railways, educational establishments, poorhouses, debating societies, are not romantic, and this is the age of all these. But if we strip off the hard outer crust of these things, we pass from the unpicturesqueness of externals to the currents which flow beneath, who then shall say that this life is barren of poetry? Never, I think, did such strange lights and shades glimmer on the soul's depths, never was suffering more heroic or courage more sublime, never was the reticence of deep emotion woven so closely with the mystery and the wonder of the world."

#### THE DRAWING ROOM.

##### THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

A SECOND BALL has recently been given at the Tuileries, and as it may amuse those of our readers who are not in Paris at the present moment to know the exact programme of the evening, I will do my best to give them the minutest details of a ball at the French Court.

About eight days before the event comes off, you receive a card of invitation from either the Grand or the first Chamberlain of the Imperial household. This year the Viscount de Laferrière is the First Chamberlain, and he sends the invitations during the absence of the Duke de Bassano. The card runs thus, only of course in French: "By order of the Emperor.—The First Chamberlain has the honour to inform Mme. (or Monsieur) that he or she is invited to pass the evening at the palace of the Tuileries, on Wednesday, at nine o'clock.—Vte. de Laferrière." Those who accept generally present themselves at the Tuileries between nine and ten o'clock. The Rue de Rivoli is closed to all conveyances, except against those that are bound for the palace. The pavement is filled with spectators of both sexes, who gaze intently and patiently into the carriages, hoping to see the toilettes; but all in vain, for they see nothing save a cloud of tulle, and a glitter of gems. I conclude, however, that with these they are contented; for, no matter what the weather is, there are certain to be plenty of lookers on.

The carriages fall into line only in the courtyard of the Palace, and we have rarely long to wait, for these balls are far less numerously attended than those given at the Hôtel de Ville. I hear people complain of the crush at the Tuileries, but I have never found the smallest inconvenience in that respect; indeed, the crowding is infinitely smaller than at the generality of private balls. So far as my experience goes, the only crowding, and consequent discomfort, is that felt at the entrance of the Salle des Maréchaux some quarter of an hour before the Emperor enters. Every one naturally wishes to be present, and, as that would be impossible, an obstruction occurs: but it disappears with the entrance of the Imperial party. The guests who arrive late naturally resign themselves to their fate, and the crowd recedes into what is called the Grand Diana Gallery. When your carriage stops under the Pavillon de l'Horloge you alight, and enter the Palace. Your cloak is taken off in an immense vestibule, and ranged with great order—a quality for which the French are justly famed; for they carry precision into the smallest regulations of everyday life. You then ascend the grand staircase, where I invariably come to the conclusion one gets the best view of the company.

The gentlemen are all in either civil or military uniform. The uniform of the Cour des Comptes, as also that of the young magistrature, is very elegant. It consists of the coat à la Française, in black velvet, with large steel buttons, short neckerchiefs, also of velvet, and black silk stockings. The gentlemen who are neither functionaries nor deputies nor magistrates wear a fancy uniform made of dark blue (almost black) cloth, embroidered with gold, short knee breeches, and a white kerseymere waistcoat; a sword with chased hilt at the side, and a crush hat in the hand. The staircase is very imposing; on each step there stands one of the Cent Gardes, wearing a glittering silver breast-plate, and a white plume in his hat; and there these men remain throughout the evening, immovable as though they were caryatides. After ascending the staircase between this hedge of living statues, the top gained, you deliver up your card of invitation, and enter what is called the grande galerie. At the entrance of the first reception room the Chamberlain stands and welcomes the guests as they arrive. Those who come early pass at once to the Salle des Maréchaux.

At the end of the room, on the right of the door by which you enter, there is a dais covered with red velvet studded with bees, and on it chairs are arranged for the Emperor and Empress.

If either the Princess Clotilde, the Princess Mathilde, or Prince Napoleon are present at the ball, they occupy seats on the same dais as their Majesties. You may always know the Empress's chair by the red velvet cushion with gold tassels which is placed before it, and intended for a footstool. At each side of the dais there are seats, on which are ranged the ladies belonging to the Corps Diplomatique, and also those attached to the Imperial household. The former sit on the left, the latter on the right of the dais. By this arrangement the Princess de Metternich, as wife of the Ambassador of Austria, is the lady who sits nearest to the Emperor, while Princess d'Essling occupies a similar position as regards the Empress. The rest of the guests occupy seats round the Salle des Maréchaux, and when these are filled the Diana Gallery is resorted to.

As the clock strikes ten the Emperor is announced. He enters the Salle des Maréchaux; walks round, greeting those guests he recognises, and retires to the dais. Dancing then commences. About half-past eleven the Emperor and Empress pass down the Diana Gallery, and look on at the dancing, and at twelve their Majesties retire to supper, for which they have to cross all the reception rooms. The Salle du Trône is the handsomest of all these apartments.

When you do not belong either to the Corps Diplomatique or to the Imperial Household, it is very difficult to sup at the same time as their Majesties. Your only chance is if you happen to know a chamberlain, and he offers his arm to escort you into the supper room. Failing any of these events, the door is relentlessly closed; and, when it is re-opened for the second series of guests, the Emperor and Empress have disappeared.

The supper room is marvellously splendid. At the end of it there is a rare display of flowers and magnificent plate; tables are arranged the entire length of the room, the servants on one side, and the guests facing them. Every one sits standing, even the Emperor, who always goes to the end of the room, and places himself with his back to the company; the Empress and the Princess Mathilde standing at his Majesty's side. During the repast the Emperor converses with those who surround him, and occasionally with a lady who has been presented on the same evening; but, as a rule, either a minister, an ambassador, or a general may be seen in earnest conversation with his Majesty. The Empress goes from group to group, gracefully doing the honours of her house, and addressing in her sweet winning manner those ladies with whom she is acquainted. After supper their Majesties retire to their private apartments. I need scarcely add that the supper is perfectly served; all the delicacies of the season, and all the most recherché dishes that culinary art has mastered, are found there in abundance. While a portion of the guests sup the rest dance, and the dancing is continued until three in the morning, when the last white dresses may be seen descending the grand staircase, the lights are put out, and the palace is once again quiet. I have attended many brilliant Court balls in various European capitals, but these balls at the Tuileries certainly stand foremost in the perfection of arrangement, and in the good taste that pervades the minutest details.

The last entertainment was exceedingly well attended; many deputies were present, and the Opposition was represented by its most influential members.—*Queen.*

PATRICK JOYCE, a publican, of St. Patrick's Quay, Cork, has been committed to gaol under the Lord Lieutenant's warrant for Fenianism.—The out offices and haggard of Mr. John Hannon, Rathormac, were maliciously burned on Sunday night. This is the third incendiary fire on his premises since he gave evidence for the Crown at the Special Commission on the trial of a Fenian head centre.

#### FUN OF THE WEEK.

##### PUNCH.

AN Unknown Quantity.—Chiltern Hundreds.  
PROOF POSITIVE.—Mistress: "Your character is satisfactory, but I'm very particular about one thing; I wish my servants to have plenty, but I don't allow any waste." Page: "Oh, no, 'M, which I'd eat and drink till I busted, 'M, rather than waste anything, 'M!"

ATTRACTIVE Motto for the Shoeblack's Box.—"Bright be the place of thy sole."

WHAT No Man would Like to Do.—Acknowledge that his tailor lived in Tooley-street.

THE Wind to Please the Pigs.—Sow-sow-west.  
ON Seeing an Advertisement.—What is "Orthopraxy?" Is it the correlative of Orthodoxy?

THOSE STUPID FOREIGNERS!—Old Growler complains that if you ask a German waiter simply for a glass of beer, he directly goes away and brings you a choppe.

"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS," &c.—Mr. Trewbleugh (sounding the boys in modern history—his son Reginald and Master Shuttleton, his clever schoolfellow, on a holiday visit): "Who was the great leader of the Reformation Abroad; eh, Reginald?" Reginald (for a wonder): "Martin Luther." Mr. T.: "And who was the Great English Reformer?" Young S. (promptly): "John Bright!" [Mr. T. is certain "that boy will come to no good," and resolves to discourage the acquaintanceship.]

##### FUN

USED UP.—When it rains—an umbrella.  
A POSSE.—Facetious Gent: "I say, landlord, why would it be impossible to put this stout into a white hat, a buff vest, and a blue coat with brass buttons? Give it up? Because it has neither body nor head!"

FOUNDED ON FACT.—An acute observer of the feathered tribe has remarked that on Valentine's Day the chorus of sparrow-bills twittering in the trees is invariably accompanied by a brisk clinking of sparables in the boots of the postmen.

WHAT, INDEED?—One would have thought that the friends of the brute who tried all he knew to murder Matilda Griggs, would never have let that poor girl be thrust into a prison. Still, Wat-kin you expect from the belongings of such a brute?

A BRUTE.—Old Scabbitt had strictly interdicted the delivery of all Valentines within his family circle. The postman bringing one for his favourite daughter Patty—poor girl, she couldn't help it (she wouldn't if she could), he deliberately chucked her—out of window?—oh dear no! under the chin!

##### A MARRIAGE FOR MONEY.

A few rhymes to the ceremony which is—

Impiety;  
First, society—  
Then, satiety—  
Next, anxiety—  
Insobriety,  
Impropiety.

Last the Divorce Court, which means Notoriety!

LITERARY NOTE.—It is rumoured, without the slightest foundation, that Mr. Hepworth Dixon is about to publish a second edition of *Spiritual Wires*, dedicated to Lord Willoughby d'Eresby and Sir Gideon Culling Eardley.

HARD TO BEAR, INDEED.—To a certain extent the character of a man may undoubtedly be told by his handwriting. You may be sure that no one of a humane disposition would bear hard—even on his pen.

A DISRESPECTATOR.—The *Spectator* on several occasions of late has done things which make people suspect that Mrs. Malaprop is a member of the staff, but perhaps the funniest thing which that witty journal has given us of late will be found in a paragraph relating to the Buckhurst Hill case. The *Spectator* says: Matilda Griggs, labourer's daughter, was stabbed by a lover to whom she had borne a child in thirteen places," etc. Shade of Addison, is the revered title of *Spectator* to be allowed to a paper where such vulgar blunders flourish.

##### JUDY.

A. S. S. BICKNELL.—In order to give the Government something to do, a Mr. A. S. Bicknell proposes that there shall be an Inspector-General of Horse-flesh. If Donkey-flesh were included in the inspection, Judy would fear that Bicknell were courting observation and publicity himself.

WHY are Kimmel's Valentines like Silence?—Because they give assent.

A DOUBLE PLEASURE.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been to see "A Wife Well Won," at the Haymarket. He has the additional delight of seeing "a wife well won, too," at Marlborough House; upon which the most sagacious of her sex congratulates him.

DEBBY DIXIT.—According to the Premier, 1867 may be looked upon in the light of the political "Leap-year!"

THE Grand-M.A. of the League.—Why is Mr. Beales like a child in leading strings?—Because his M.A. is always close behind him.

TECK-NICAL EDUCATION.—The instruction that will be given to the child of the Princess Teck.

QUID IN QUOD.—It was recently stated in the newspapers that some of the convicts in Portland Prison were actually willing to give up their allowances of bread for one quid of tobacco. The statement seems incredible; but, if true, it is certainly the most singular case of *quid pro quo* that we have ever yet heard of.

To the Head Masters of Public Schools.—The true "tree of knowledge" is certainly not the birch!

A "TIDY" WOMAN.—One who attends a bathing-machine.

CHANGE OF NAME.—In consequence of the great successes of the Conservative party, both in and out of Parliament, the Liberal interest will henceforward be known as the Liberal Discount.

A SUGGESTION from "a Crater" at Vesuvius.—Why is a fiery Conservative like a washing-place?—Because he's a lava-tory (Get along wid ye, ye spalpeen!)

The glass of fashion—A liqueur glass of Curaçao.

##### TOMAHAWK.

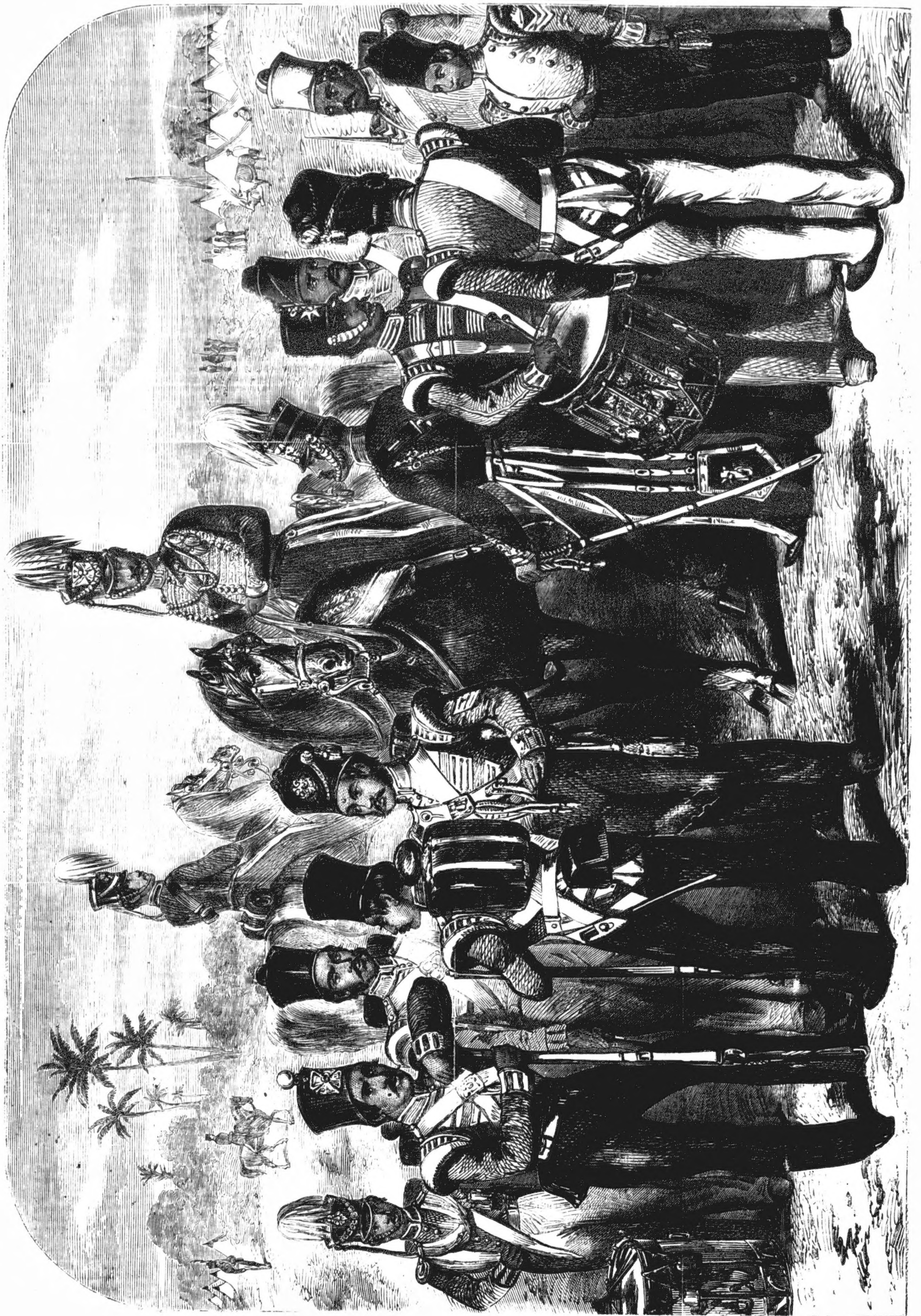
A LOVE OF A JOKE.—Considering that Cupid is said to have presided over the festival held last week, on the 14th of February, we might surely talk of "Valentine and Arson." There are few of us who have not had our hearts "set on fire" by the "Rosy God" at some time or other!

THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH"—Its Sentiments.—"Say 'bo' to a goose—id est 'bosh' to a public!"

BACCHANALIAN Motto for a Quack!—"The Kahn that brings the bier!"

"REBECCA" IN SCOTLAND.—"Rebecca" is afoot in Scotland. Fourteen men, with blackened faces, knocked up the toll-keeper on Dunkeld-bridge, early on Tuesday morning last, and told him that they had come to relieve the public from paying the toll any longer. They then divided themselves into two parties: one party guarding the toll-keeper, whilst the other lifted the gate off its hinges and threw it into the Tay. Having done this they departed, and the toll-keeper wisely made no attempt to follow them. The gate floated down the Tay about five miles, and was found in a shattered state at a ferry below. Mr. Robertson, the factor to the Duke of Athole, was in Dunkeld on Wednesday making inquiries, and it is stated that a new and stronger gate has been ordered by him. It remains to be seen whether it will be strong enough to baffle the Rebeccaites of Scotland.





NATIVE INDIAN TROOPS FOR THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.





CAVALRY PROCEEDING FROM ANNESLEY BAY TO SENAFE, ABYSSINIA.

## The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

### CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY GOES BACK TWENTY YEARS.

LEG-OF-MUTTON sleeves were unknown, and the genius who was to invent coach-wheel hats was, if not unborn, certainly as yet in his swaddling clothes, when people lived and died in the village of Mallows Cray, Kent, nearly forty-eight years ago.

It was a little village in a little verdant hole—a vale would be a more poetical appellation, but *hole* is the apter one—approached by a narrow tumble-down road, on which the milestones and guideposts all stood askew, like so many miniature leaning-towers of Pisa. Through the green hole, there ran a brawling little skein of water, by an extreme of courtesy called the river Craywell, which made its appearance at its source, a fissure in a scraggy hill, with quite a lilliputian Niagara splash and bustle, but disappeared at the other end very meanly, splitting itself up into a tangled web of shiny aqueous threads, by bridges utterly disdained, and were only tolerated as a place of misanthropic seclusion by sundry piscatorial Timons in the shape of trout, weary of the world. The river recovered its health and strength afterwards, however, and made a grand end of it at Mallow-in-the-Marshes, a brackish townlet of a place, where it widened surprisingly, and tumbled, somehow calling itself a creek, into the most famous river in the world.

The world did not take much notice of Mallows Cray in the year eighteen hundred and nine; and in revenge the Mallows Crayfish or men took not the slightest notice of the world; nor had they taken much, it is said, for many centuries past. They had very little leaning towards politics, save as regarded in so far a chronic hatred for the French (generic term, *Mounseers*), of whose violent invasion of England in general, and Mallows Cray in particular, the wise men of the village (parish clerk, schoolmaster, and fat innkeeper) were in continuous and anxious expectation. They were much attached to the Lord Bishop of Boafursus, who had a country seat (delightfully old, picturesque, and haunted, and containing in its vast cellars some of the finest port in Europe: "mitre seal" fetches now its nine guineas a dozen, some five miles away), and did much cosy, old-fashioned unostentatious good among the villagers. And they believed very strongly in the virtues of butcher's meat, of which, from their tenderest years, they consumed vast quantities—the flesh-pots of Egypt had been popular among them since the days of the Heptarchy; and there was even a tradition among sundry of the men of Mallow, that raw beefsteak was the most nourishing food for a newly-weaned babe, and that a nursing mother could not have too much roast leg-of-mutton. Beef, in its normal and cud-chewing condition, they reared with great success; the green hole was girt about by fat farms, where farmers as fat raised corpulent crops, and flocks of obese sheep perspired under weighty fleeces. Two or three very wealthy squires, together with the Lord Bishop, were the territorial suzerains of the Mallow land; and as they were liberal of butcher's meat and October beer on rent days, the Crayfish paid their rents very cheerfully. Men lived to a prodigious age in Mallows Cray. There was no pauperism to speak of; for if a Crayfish fell into difficulties in the Cray, the villagers either indignantly kicked him out of the happy valley, or he "ditted," as it was called, of his own accord, paying nobody, and not being heard of any more. As for gipsies and tramps, they knew better than to trouble Mallows Cray much or often; for the natives regarded them all as "foreigners," and as naturally akin to the detested Mounseers; and as they not only had stocks, and cage, and whipping-post, and all the will to use them for the coercion of vagrants, but likewise incited the village boys to pelt all strangers with stones, the tramps and the children of Egypt gave Mallows Cray a wide berth, and placed cabalistic diagrams of turf sods at the corners of the road leading to the village, warning, in the

hieroglyphics of the wandering profession, their brother beggars and Bohemians that the Crayfish were a bad lot, and that the less they had to do with them the better.

There were pleasing poets at Mallows Cray, who wrote epitaphs for one another, in staggering rather than halting lines. These poets ate butcher's meat, and drank pots of cider, occasionally, for wagers. They fought too, sometimes, very fiercely and savagely; not only at fistfights among themselves, but in the way of cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and badger-drawing. There had been a town-bull in Mallows Cray once; and, in remoter ages, a town-bear, for sporting purposes, which had been put down, according to rumour, by Oliver Cromwell, whose memory, on that account, was hated by old and young in Mallows Cray. Outdoor sports, humorous and athletic, yet obtained; and on gala-days it was pleasant to watch, couched on the green sward, and with a tankard of the famous October ale by your side, the Olympian games of Mallows Cray. Then did the uncertain chase after the pig with the saponaceous tail take place; then did rubicund damsels contend in swiftness of foot for the much-prized undergarment, decorated with many-coloured ribbons, and in simple Saxon, hight a "smock;" then were wheelbarrows trundled up acclivitous chalk-hills for a pinchbeck watch; then was the well-greased pole ascended in quest of the appetising leg of mutton—and loud were the outcries of the simple rustics when, on one fete-day, the meaty victor confessed himself to be a washed chimney-sweep from Whitechapel—then were the lancing-poles darted at the rude heap of hinged carpenter's work, supposed to represent a Saracen's head; and then did strongly competing peasants and lancers struggle through their appointed heat in sacks, or bob for apples, or compete for rolls and treacle.

There was a capital school-house in Mallows Cray, with a famous old schoolmaster not quite blind, and not quite deaf, who wore silver buckles in his shoes, taught the children a little, and thrashed them as much as was requisite for the due preservation of their health, morals, and loyalty to Church and State. The villagers married early, and after short courtships—a good, hearty meat tea being the usual *premier pas* in amatory matters, and a declaration in the form of a decorous tickling of the adored object in a hay field, the culmination. They believed in ghosts, witchcraft, wart-charming, fortune-telling, and dream-construing. They went to bed early, and rose earlier; they went to church, and to sleep in it, once a week, and played at bowls afterwards; they made no fortunes, but had good wages, ate and drank heartily, had large families, smoked long pipes, danced at Christmas and harvest-time, and were sufficiently happy in their generation.

Peaceful and peaceable they were certainly; although in 1809 the world was convulsed by wars and rumours of wars, and there were hundreds of hills and valleys all over the world that were running with rivers, not of limpid water, but of blood. Now and then, a mysterious potentate called the Emperor of Rooshia came accidentally on the tapis, or rather on the sanded floor of the village inn parlour; and every now and then the dreaded and detested name of "Boney," seldom amplified into "Boneypartey," was used by mothers to frighten troublesome children withal; by quarrelling boys as a term of insulting derision; by the three wise men of the village, as a clincher to the argument that the French must certainly invade England and Mallows Cray soon. When a recruiting party came down into the little green punch-bowl of a place, which was of very rare occurrence, the village lasses stared a while at the red coats and streaming ribbons; and, in temporary agitation of mind, cooked the meals unskilfully for the next twenty-four hours or so; but His Majesty's Onsety-oneth, or Old Hundredth regiment of foot, took no hearts as they marched away from the girls they left behind them. The village lads listened to the rub-a-dub of the drums, the enlivening tootle-tootle of the fife, and the seductive oratory of the Sergeant Kite of the party, with broad grins and wide-staring eyes; but they steadily refused to partake of refreshment with the gallant sons of Mars on these occasions; and to all enticements to take the king's shilling, shook their shock-heads, and answered "Naw, naw! Ut wor time to ger hard knocks whun a' French come and ger hard knocks tiv thun;" which in the Mallows Cray vernacular

meant that they didn't see the fun of going to Spain to be shot, and preferred shooting or being shot on their own hearths, and in their own homes. The only exception made to this repudiation of the military service of the country was, of course, when the periodical ballots for the militia took place, and then the Crayfish bought themselves and each other off with all convenient speed; and again, when any of the village families was troubled with a black sheep, in the form of a refractory, good-for-nothing son, who was so perpetually told that he would come to be hung if he didn't 'list, by all his friends and relatives, that, in sheer despair, he generally made haste to enrol himself in the service of his king, in order that he might die by powder and ball, and not by hemp; but was perhaps eventually hanged after all (such is the uncertainty of human destinies) by Lord Wellington in Spain, even as Bardolph was "hanged for stealing a pix."

Now, it was because there was a black sheep of this description, Will Catteran by name, who had so been compelled to enlist in a marching regiment in 1808, that I have been obliged to take this history back twenty long years; that I have said any thing about recruiting parties coming into Mallows Cray; that I have mentioned Mallows Cray at all.

For if William Catteran, village-rake, spendthrift, sluggard, pugilist and ne'er-do-weel, had not enlisted, Sarah Collett, the beauty of Mallows Cray, would not have been left without a sweetheart; and if Sarah had not thus been bereft of her dissolute swain, she would not, after the first bitterness, and vexation, and pining of her virgin widowhood had passed, have begun to look out, with eyes which, though not red with weeping, were exceedingly sharp, for sweetheart number two.

She was the daughter of old Daddy Collett, the schoolmaster of the Cray. She was not a *piquante* beauty, a fragile beauty, a beauty the "irregularity of whose features was redeemed by expression;" she was simply a most beautiful young woman, who "felt her life in every limb;" who, but a step removed from the condition of a peasant, moved, and looked, and talked like a Queen, who, reared among bores, was royally graceful, dignified, haughty; who, in fine, was one of those rare and perfect gems to be found oft-times in the oddest, humblest, plainest caskets, and which seem thrown there, hidden there, in some sly caprice of nature, and are brought forth to the world by times to be encircled with gorgeous settings and tributary jewels, humorous satires upon the boasts of "unsullied pedigree," illustrious ancestry, and *sanguine azul*, and humorous proofs that the obscurist, remotest kindred of the "grand old gardener and his wife," can, and do, wrench the golden apple sometimes even from the high-bred descendant of Robert Fitz-Leman or Hugo Fitz-Sykes, who came over with the Conqueror seven centuries since, as gallant knights, but who would have gone over with the Convict-ship as felons in this less chivalrous age.

The girl had no accomplishments; for, with a wonderful natural capacity, she was as lazy as she was beautiful. She could neither dance, nor play, nor paint, nor sing, as those frivolities are understood by the polite world; yet she would have been quite at home in the boudoir of a duchess; and her little cottage keeping-room looked like a palace-chamber as she sat in it. Fond of finery, she had few pence to purchase any, and went perforce plainly clad; but the trashiest trinket shone on her magnificent figure as the famous *collier* might have shone on wretched Marie Antoinette; and she had but to let her black hair down, to be enveloped in the mantle of an empress.

The girl was proud, and vain, and passionate; and if she possessed any heart at all, it was as hard as the nether millstone: but she simulated love—as the priests of heathen temples simulated piety—that she might have incense for her altars and offerings for her shrines. She might, under other influences, have been a Semiramis, a Lais, a Phryne, a Dubarry, a Pompadour, a Vittoria Colonna, or a second Catherine; yet she was but a schoolmaster's daughter, living among rude and ignorant cottagers, and tearing her hair with vexation because the clumsiest clodhopper of the village, Will Catteran—with whom she was, as found, no more in love than you with me, Belinda—had chosen to turn out a most notable scamp, to snare Squire Lupus's game, to



play skittles instead of cultivating the soil, and finally, being excommunicated by the united body of Crayfish, to enlist in the Hundred and Tenth, or "Nottingham Roughs," Light Infantry.

A great battle had been fought in Spain; and Britannia, wanting men very badly just then, joyfully accepted William Catteran, and giving him a shilling and promising him six pounds by way of bounty, made him, densely intoxicated, a full private on the spot. Britannia was subsequently genial and condescending enough to cheat William Catteran out of his six pounds. She gave him, indeed, some rubbish which he threw away in the first campaign, calling it a "kit," and charging a goodly sum for it; she fed him on biscuit, which, when it wasn't hard as iron, was soft with maggoty decay. She gave him rations pretty regularly of salt horse and new rum; she led him to seek the bubble of a Chelsea pension at the cannon's mouth; and she never forgot to inculcate the virtues of cheerfulness and obedience, telling him that if he grumbled he should be flogged, and that if he ran away he should be shot. On the other hand, Britannia, in the noblest and most generous manner, several times, by the voice of the Houses of Lords and Commons, publicly thanked William Catteran and some hundred and fifty thousand more of his brethren for their achievements in the field; and he and they had the inestimable satisfaction of knowing that the commanders of the great army of Catterans had been made Peers and Field Marshals, and Knights Grand Crosses of the Order of the Bath. Sarah Collett heard the sound of the last drum and the last life die away as the recruiting party wound through the orange and crimson-hued lanes (it was autumn time); and when her lover was gone she went out into a corn-field and cast herself down on the scattered sprays of gold, and wept for rage and spite, and not for sorrow; and much more against the truant Will than for him. She would not have married the man at any time; she probably would have treated him in very dog-like fashion had he returned that very moment. I don't think she would have fainted, or gone into violent hysterics, had the constant predictions of the Mallows Crayfish respecting him been fulfilled, and had William been hanged outright. But she was in a rage with herself, with him, with all the world, because he was gone, because pretty Meggy Saunders, and black-eyed Rose Eagleton, and especially Mary Ann Terryton, the baker's daughter—all rival belles, and jealous

He was about to put up, both man and horse, at the inn; that was easy to see, for the groom carried the portmanteau into the low-roofed vestibule, with its bottle-and-glass-furnished bar on one side, and the parlour on the other, as Joe, the hostler, ran to the horse's head. It was curious, too, that as Sarah slipped modestly into the hostelry on her way to Miss Tubbs's private keeping-room, she should have been tempted to cast an inquisitive glance on the portmanteau lying at the foot of the stairs, and that she should have noticed a brass plate on the top of that article of luggage—a brass plate engraved with these initials—G. F.

## CHAPTER XII.

MRS. FALCON AT HOME.

THE same great battle in Spain that had put Britannia to the strait of picking-up by sound of fife and drum such waifs and strays as Will Catteran, "had placed" (to use the newspaper locution) "many of the most distinguished families in mourning." For it is a way that Death has in the army (and, to do him justice, in the navy, the church, and the civil service likewise) of smiting down impartially the common soldier, who, wrapped up in scarlet blanketing, and carrying the inevitable Brown Bess, sells his liberty and his life for thirteen pence a-day, and a gorgeous captain in feathers and lace, who has purchased a commission as he would buy a park-hack, to amuse himself withal, and who has, maybe, not thirteen pence, but thirteen thousand pounds a-year in addition to his pay. The Spanish battle had been a very bloody one; officers as well as men had fallen thick and fast under the scythes of the Great Reaper, who respects neither the mammoth ear of corn, nor the humble tare that the husbandman has forgotten to pluck up; and it is not at all unlikely that a fragment of the same shell that created that gap in the ranks of the "Nottingham Roughs," which Will Catteran was destined to fill up, was instrumental in plunging into mourning many of the most distinguished families of this favoured country, including that of Lord Viscount Baddington, in the Peerage of Ireland.

For in good sooth, his Lordship's younger and only brother Captain the Hon. Hugh Hershaw Falcon, a most promising officer (*vide* despatches), was in that desperate fray slain, as he was valiantly leading on his company.



THE BEAUTY OF MALLOWS CRAY

of her because she was ever so slightly elevated above them in social position, and a million degrees in majestic beauty—because these lively, and not unfrequently uncharitable, young ladies would rejoice at her humiliation, and utter disparaging remarks concerning her at that grand gossiping exchange, the "everything shop," where old Mrs. Plaisteridge sold linen drapery and lanterns, sweetstuffs and scrubbing brushes, beaver hats and birch brooms.

Sarah Collett, the beauty of Mallows Gray, sulked in her maiden bower for seven whole days. She did not contemplate a funeral pyre for herself, like the late unfortunate Queen Dido; she did not meditate strangulation in the manner patronised by the equally late and unfortunate Miss Bailey; but she was very miserable. But the evening of the seventh day happening to be a most gloriously mellow and sunny one, and her father having gone to sleep, as was his usual evening custom, over "Law's Serious Call," she slipped on her hat and spencer and determined to pay a visit for comfort and condolence to her only chosen friend and ally, Miss Tubbs, who was the daughter of stout old John Tubbs, the landlord of the village inn, and who, being exceedingly ugly and exceedingly servile, had been discovered to be an admirable and devoted friend by the belle of the village.

Sarah walked down the steep little street, sheepishly saluted by three-fourths of the unmarried male Crayfish, the vast majority of whom were madly in love with her, and paternally addressed by the married men of Mallows to the great indignation of the sweethearts of the Bachelors and the wives of the Benedicts of Mallows. Miss Saunders passed her, and giggled at her; Miss Terryton passed her, and tossed her head; Miss Rose Eagleton looked over her dimpled shoulder at her, and nodded in the most provoking and patronising manner; in return for all which amenities of salutation it would have been inexpressibly delicious to Sarah, the beautiful but, the irascible, not to say vindictive, to have torn their hair from their heads and their eyes from their sockets—but she didn't.

There was a handsome gig, with a big brown horse in silver-mounted harness, standing at the door of the inn, and a groom was taking a portmanteau and hat-box from beneath the seat of the vehicle. The apparent proprietor of the vehicle stood, whip in hand, by the horse, patting the handsome steed on the flank. Sarah noticed that he was a tall, comely, florid, young man, rather inclined to be stout, perhaps, but decidedly good-looking. He was clad in the deepest mourning.

The deceased left one son, Gervase, an undergraduate at the ancient University of Oxford, who, by the lamented Spanish casualty, became (his uncle Baddington being a widower, and childless) next heir to the Baddington Peerage. As the young man happened to be of an impetuously affectionate disposition, he thought less of his exalted distinction than, perhaps, as a scion of the aristocracy, he should have done. He thought, certainly, much more of his widowed mother (a consumptive, delicate, high-born lady, who did not long survive); he thought more still of the awfully sudden death of one of the kindest and most affectionate of fathers. So violent was his grief, that change of air and scenery was imperatively recommended to him by the fashionable faculty, who suggested Weymouth, Scarborough, or Brightelmstone (then just allowing the germ of the immortal and inimitable Brighton, that was to spring from its shingly bed, to peep out), as places where fashionable grief might be decorously consoled, and fashionable cheerfulness gently restored. But Gervase Falcon, telling the faculty that he would think about it, bethought him of quite another place of rural retirement; the little village of Mallows Cray, distant about eighteen miles from the great metropolis; and where he had, in some long vacation gone by, spent a very pleasant fortnight—sometimes pretending to read, and sometimes pretending to fish; but in reality engrossed in the delightful pursuit of doing nothing. So down to Mallows Cray he came in his gig—gentlemen drove gigs then—and, putting up at the Angel, the sign of the sole inn at the Cray, had not been there a fortnight before he fell desperately in love with that other Angel of the Cray, Sarah Collett, the schoolmaster's daughter.

'Twas the most natural and yet the most accidental thing in the world. The girl was always meeting him accidentally—he was always meeting her, accidentally, of course. Her friend Miss Tubbs was so fond of her dear Sarah that she was always sending messages to her to come to tea; the yielding Sarah could not resist the invitations of her attached Tubbs. Then the strange gentleman—who, by the way, did not disclose his name, had no letters addressed to him, paid his bills regularly and munificently, and was known either as Number Four, the numeral of his apartment, or as Mr. G. F., from the initials on his portmanteau—the strange gentleman was at times so lonely and out of spirits, that he was glad to take a cup of tea in Miss Tubbs's private parlour, where he conversed in the most affable and condescending manner. It was on these occasions that stout Mr. Tubbs, the landlord, suddenly remembered that he had not been to see his neighbour

Collett lately, and went off to spend the evening over a pipe with that instructor of youth. So Number Four and Sarah took tea in the private parlour; and then one of the most remarkable things in the world was, that Miss Tubbs always had the most important business to attend to, and of which she had only just thought, in the bar, which would only detain her for a moment, but which detained her, somehow, a good many moments and a good many half-hours.

The son of Captain Falcon met Sarah as he went a-fishing—he met her as he returned; in his morning walk and his evening walk; when he took a drive round the country even he was always falling across the Beauty of Mallows Cray—of course by the merest accident.

He grew desperately, fiercely, blindly in love, as only a very young and experienced man can love. If he had been five years older, he would have turned bridle-rein, and ridden away from a woman beneath him in every degree, beautiful as she was, for ever; or if he had been five years older, and a villain—he was not that in his sunny twenty years prime—he would have deceived the girl, thrown away the plaything when he had toyed with it long enough, and there an end. As it was, he had for her that love, stone-blind, stone-deaf, but not dumb—no! burningly eloquent in its clumsy fanaticism—which we all, the coldest of us even, have had, or must have for a fair woman, once at least in our lives. You have so loved, or will so love, my stoical friend, one day. You have so loved, or love, or will so love, so that you listen for the voice and wait for the shadow, to kiss it, of her you love; that you are enraged with the garden gravel her foot presses upon; that you have a mad hatred for dogs, and birds, and horses, and children, which she will pet and fondle with a familiarity she will not admit you to, yet; that if she were to say to you, "Go steal," you would rob a church, your father, a poor box, or a blind man's tray; that if she were to say to you, "Go kill," you would, knife in hand, run-a-muck, like a mad Malay, among your dearest friends; that you would dress up in the absurdest mountebank costume, to perform as many preposterous tricks as a poodle—beg, fetch, carry, dance, stand on your head, crawl on all fours, shave off your eyebrows, paint your face—any thing, if she so commanded it. He who has not loved in this wise, has not yet loved at all.

The love of a very young man is sometimes, and not inappropriately, termed "calf love," but the next love of adolescence might not inaptly be called "roaring-bull love." For as the bull, blind and unreasoning, dashes at a gate, smashing his knees and horns in his onslaught to boot, so does the fanatic-bovine lover rush as blindly and madly at certain rails that fence the church communion-table. He cannot help it; the woman he adores is as inaccessible to him as a castle of steel and adamant: yet one little word will make the whole of that fair citadel yield—outwork and keep, curtain and bastion—one little word will make her all his own, his to have and to hold in fee-simple and in frank-pledge for ever: so he rushes at the rails as the bull at the gate, and as a fool according to his folly.

She had him so well in the toils, that when he left Mallows Cray in the ensuing November, it was under the solemn promise, sworn to with passionate protestations, Heaven knows how often, to return and marry her in the second month of the next year. He, the aristocrat, and nephew to a Lord, had plighted his troth to a village schoolmaster's daughter without a farthing to bless herself with! He was to leave Mallows for a time, and then return. She had him so well in the toils, that he grew more desperately in love with her during the eight weeks that he was absent; that he came back, furious to see her! that in February, 1819, he was married to Sarah Collett, before high heaven, and in the parish church of Mallows Cray. The wedding took place early in the morning, by special licence, and in the presence, besides the clergyman and his clerk, of but two witnesses—Tubbs the landlord, and his daughter.

He had wished to be married at some other church, but his Sarah, with a strange wilfulness of caprice, had insisted that there or not at all the ceremony should take place. As it was, the wedding was almost a secret. A few of the village gossips had heard from the parish clerk, and gossiped over the matter at Mrs. Plaisteridge's Everything Shop, that Sarah, the Beauty (as she thought herself, they added ironically), had been married on the sly to that odd-looking young squire in black, who stopped at the "Angel" last Autumn; that they were off to furrin' parts somewhere, and that old Daddy Collett—"and a heartless puss she must have been to leave the poor old man," they said, with virtuous ire—"was to have fifty pounds a-year pension." Some of the young lady gossips went so far as to disbelieve the marriage story altogether. They hoped it was all "c'reet," they hinted, but they doubted it. She had always been a "bold thing." Well, well! it was no business of theirs; but it must be a dreadful thought to that poor, dear old man at the school yonder. By degrees the interest died away. The wedding couple were gone. Daddy Collett lingered for a few months till he had a more serious call than even the Rev. Mr. Law's, and, obeying it, died. The Mallows Crayfish had always been remarkable for not minding the world; and as Sarah Collett, now Falcon, was no longer the Beauty of Mallows Cray, but the beauty of somewhere else, the Crayfish had no longer any thing to do with her; so they abandoned her to her own devices, and betook themselves with renewed ardour to butcher's meat and cock-fighting; and the petty gossips at the everything shop found out another Beauty to talk about and be jealous of.

Only the landlord of the "Angel" and his daughter, an old clergyman, and his older clerk were there to witness it—only the feebly-sprawled entry in the dusty register was there to prove it; but then marriages are registered in heaven besides. That was know.

## CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY, AS FAR AS ONE OF ITS PERSON-AGES IS CONCERNED, STOPS ALTOGETHER.

CAPTAIN the Honourable Hugh Hershaw Falcon had no money when he died.

Stay, there may have been half-a-dozen napoleons, a few reals, and a packet of English one-pound notes in his pocket-book, under his uniform coat, when the shell took away his life. Of whatever he possessed, he was quickly and comfortably relieved the evening after the battle, by one of the *vivandieres*, alias Moll Figgons, attached to the baggage department of the British Army. The same warm-hearted sister was also good enough to strip the lace off his uniform, the epaulettes off his shoulders, the gallow from his hat, to force the ring from his dead finger, and even to remove the boots—quite new, and of the latest fashion—from his feet. What do dead men want with boots? Beyond this, the Honourable H. H. Falcon was as insolvent as a patrician can well be. To his son Gervase there might have been applied the observation made by Hostess Quickly respecting Lieutenant Bardolph:—"Alas! he is poor—he hath nothing." That rubicund-proboscised boon companion was, it will be remembered, advised by Falstaff to "coin his nose;" and, alive to the exigencies of the situation, for mortal man must have bread, and aristocratic men must have luxuries, Gervase Falcon lost no time in coining his gentility. He was more successful than Bardolph. There is a certain divinity of credit in England, that hedges, not only a king, but a lord, and even the remotest connection of a lord; and though a scion of the aristocracy may be worth financially, as is very often the case, much less than nothing, he is always worth something, so long as he has a name known at the Herald's College, which is a tower of strength.

Gervase Falcon did not return to London from Mallows Cray as the married man he really was. He returned as a bachelor, and as gay a young bachelor as the very recent death of his father would



gently allow him to be. He had, surely, no reason to be ashamed of his marriage; but it is a fact that he did not inform the polite world of the alliance he had just concluded, and that he specially kept the interesting event secret from his immediate friends and relatives. He brought the beautiful woman he had wedded to town, and took a Bower of Bliss for her in the quiet, courtly vicinity of Kensington; then he moved the Venus of the Bower to a cottage near Harrow; and then again, being unaccountably nervous, to another cottage at Richmond; then he began to study a mental map of the world in quest of some other locality, where the Bower might be with propriety established; and finally an impression began to grow on his mind that the very best place for the Bower of Bliss to be in future maintained in a state of florescence would be the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, with the beautiful woman he had wedded sunk there unnumbered fathoms, with fifty tons of lead at her head, and fifty at her heels.

For in about two months from the date of his miserable wedding-day, he had begun to discover that he might as well have been married to a beautiful Fiend, as to the beautiful woman he was bound to by indissoluble ties. He was fettered to a being hopelessly and impractically perverse and evil-minded; to a woman who was incapable of loving, and consequently, through sheer energy of misdirected feeling, began to hate him; to a woman whose tastes were foreign to his; whose thoughts, whose wishes, whose aspirations were all diametrically opposed to those which he himself possessed.

So to the honeymoon succeeded a gloomy bees'-wax moon, and then a moon of gall and bitterness, and utter despair. "Better to sit up all night," says the good old Bishop of Charles the Second's time, "than to go to bed with a dragon." Gervase Falcon became gradually to be of this opinion, though he had never troubled himself much about Bishop Taylor, or any other Father of the Church. He evaded the dragon as often and as much as he conveniently could. He took, if not to sitting up, at least to staying away all night—sometimes for weeks and weeks together. When he and the dragon were together, they quarrelled, reviled, carped at, sneered at, insulted one another. They were in a fair way to fight. Genteeler couples have fought ere now, believe me.

His love for her was quite, quite gone. His amorous day-dream was over; and with waking there came a cold, shuddering horror and loathing. Such things and such changes happen over and over again in marriage; they will happen so long as love is blind and deaf and mad.

All this time he had been coining his gentility—that is, borrowing money from usurers; for he was a lord's nephew, and his Lordship (not a very rich lordship, but still a lord), had promised to do something for him. He would have given the beautiful dragon at home any quantity of rich clothes, jewels, money, she chose to ask for; but the dragon wanted more than these; she wanted to be the recognised wife of Gervase Falcon, the wife of a "born gentleman"—and to parade her gentility before the great world. It was but her due, to be sure; but she insisted upon it with perhaps needless acrimony.

Time after time she hurried the man who had been idiot enough to marry her to make their union public; else, she threatened, she would herself publish it. She would write to Lord Baddington—she would put it in the newspapers. By what right was she cooped up at home? Was she compelled to go to theatres and gardens surreptitiously, muffled up—all but disguised? By what right was her fair face to be compromised? By what right was an opportunity afforded to scandalous tongues to whisper that she was Gervase Falcon's mistress, and not Gervase Falcon's wife? She would not bear it; why should she? She was not ashamed of her marriage; why should he be?

To quiet her, he took her into Scotland, and tried everything in his power to flatter and cajole her into silence—even as she had cajoled him into marrying her. They would not have long to wait, he said; but his family was so proud, so vindictive, so prejudiced. If his uncle Baddington knew that he had married without his consent, he would inevitably discard him. He had nothing to depend upon but his expectations from that nobleman. Surely, his dear Sarah did not wish to ruin him, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

They led this miserable life for four months. I pray Heaven that you may never live such a life as this—to break your dream and find it empty; to stir up the lees of your once sparkling goblet, to strip away the velvet and gilding of the throne, and discover the base deal boards beneath—to outlive your liking. To find out a new fault every day; to be angry with the rustle of a woman's dress; to be possessed with a feverish, fretful, morbid desire—not that she would die, not that she would fall sick, for you wish her no harm, but that she would put the breadth of fifty oceans between you and herself; and the more because you have loved her so much, and clasped her so fondly. There are two dreadful things in the world—yes, two that are utterly appalling—a faded letter from a dead friend who has died at enmity with you, and a woman you have loved, but love no more.

Without any open compact, there was a tacit understanding between them, that it was impossible to live together any longer, and that they must soon separate for ever. Just at this time the "something" which Viscount Baddington was to do for his nephew was done; and Gervase entered upon those responsible duties in his Majesty's Carpet-bag and Hat-box Office, which necessitated his attendance at the Treasury no less than four times per annum, in order to draw his handsome quarter's salary. His punctuality in the performance of these duties was admirably unvarying.

Sarah the Beauty went to live at Cheltenham upon a liberal allowance her husband was but too glad to give her. She knew, as well as he knew, that she was his wife; that he was about to break his marriage vow; that he was about to commit a great social crime; that his aristocratic friends had found him a wife of his own condition; that he was about to lead a wealthy heiress to the altar he had once before profaned. Either she was indifferent, or she was calculating in her malignity, and chose to wait patiently for vengeance. It is certain that she gained him not in his wicked purpose, and saw with calmness in the newspaper that he had accomplished it at the grand church in London where twenty years afterwards his daughter was to be married. But he had not deceived the poor girl who believed herself to be Mr. Gervase Falcon's wife many months, before the Mrs. Gervase Falcon who lived at Cheltenham bore the husband she was to see no more a SON. The boy was born in the winter of eighteen hundred and ten.

Meanwhile, Gervase lived a grand life in Grosvenor Square, and the Caroline who believed herself to be his wife bore him children, too. First a girl, then a boy, who was christened Charles, after his uncle Baddington, and who has not yet been mentioned in this history, for the reason that he was with his regiment at Canterbury, where he was in garrison, a smart young cornet of hussars.

Mr. Falcon made the woman at Cheltenham a gift of a thousand pounds in addition to her annual allowance when her son was born. He would have taken the child from her, and have reared it up himself secretly; but she steadily refused even to let him see it. She lived under an assumed name at Cheltenham, as the widow of an East-Indian colonel; lived there quietly enough till the great peace of 1815, when she went abroad. Gervase Falcon heard from the bankers through whose hands the money was remitted to her that she was wandering over the Continent, being now in Italy, now in France, now in Germany. She had a great capacity. She was a schoolmaster's daughter; but she picked up more learning in a month in the great world than she would have acquired in years of painful study in her father's schoolroom at Malloes Cray. She graduated very rapidly at Cheltenham, and

the half-illiterate village girl soon became an adept in genteel small-talk and fashionable slang. She got to know the name of many things, which is next to knowing the things themselves. Then, from an aristocratic acquaintance just returned from Florence, Gervase Falcon heard that the handsome widow, Mrs. Colonel Chutnee, was about to be married to an Italian Marquis descended from Hercules, son of Jupiter, possessor of a magnificent palace without any furniture, and with an income of about three-pence-halfpenny per annum. Then again he heard that her reputation was not a very good one; next that it was gone altogether, and that she was living with a travelling Irish blackleg, who had been a captain of dragoons. This threw him into an agony of terror, till she suddenly disappeared altogether, made no sign, drew no more money; and he began to hope that she was dead.

What she did with herself or where she went, during ten long years, no one ever knew; but one summer's night, in eighteen hundred and twenty-six, Gervase Falcon, coming out of the crush-room of the King's Theatre, alone, waiting under the colonnade for his carriage, found crouched by one of the columns a babbling, drunken, ragged, miserable object—his wife. All her beauty was gone; there was nothing left now but the dragon—a dragon without burnished scales, or green and golden wings and brilliant eyes, but as virulent and rapacious as a "blatant beast" that Spencer drew. Where her son was she refused to tell. That he was alive, was all she would confess; and Gervase Falcon was never able to gain the slightest information relative to the child, who, son of that debased creature, and perhaps a wandering beggar, was yet his lawful son, and the next heir to the Baddington peerage.

She had taken to drinking—drank almost incessantly, drank horribly; but was sensible and cunning enough in her sober moments. You may guess the rest of the tragedy's fifth act. She was *Atræa*, and sat behind Gervase Falcon's fine park-hack. She reversed Burger's awful ballad, and made Falcon the Lenore, while she was the demon trooper swiftly riding with him towards Death. To give her money was as throwing a handful of gold dust into a quicksand. She spent and drank; and went from one degree of vice to the other, always holding the Damocles' sword of a secret over her husband's head.

Her father, the clergyman and clerk of Malloes Cray, and Tubbs, the landlord of the Angel, were all dead. Miss Tubbs had been married, and gone to Canada with her husband years since. The very name of the once famous Beauty was heard no more in her native village; but she lived and lived, till in the brain of her husband a dreadful Phantom of a resolve grew up, that either he or she should live no longer. The Phantom grew every day stronger and stronger, into a more palpable terror of reality.

The Phantom sprang into life, fully armed, on the day of his daughter's wedding.

The Phantom-Reality said plainly, that she—the woman, Sarah—must die, as he stood by the sleeping nurse, and with his hand on the curtain of the bed.

But it was a Phantom again, and lied; for his murderous scheme was frustrated; and his end I have narrated.

It will be remembered, that Lord Baddington's carriage drew up at the west side of Temple Bar. Descending from it, his Lordship and Mr. Fleem found Mr. Tinctop, who did not look either so confident or quite so defiant as he had done an hour previously.

"Pray make haste, my lord, pray make haste Mr. Fleem," he said, nervously. "She is much worse; she is very bad indeed."

He hurried them up a narrow court, whose mean houses, crasy and rotten and dingy, were shored up by timbers that looked more crazy and rotten still. Then to a door, on whose steps a brood of ragged children and ragged dogs swarmed and cried, and fought and played with mud and bricks. Then up a narrow staircase into a darkened room, where there was a bed, a chair, and an old trunk, and nothing else: nor fender, nor table, nor window-curtain.

"She's been at it again while I was away," he whispered, as they entered. "Persuaded the people of the house to get her some rum; drunk as a lord—I beg pardon, as a fish—when I returned. She's just coming round."

She lay all her length on the bed, silent, save from time to time a low gasp. Mr. Fleem went up to her, felt her pulse, felt it again, and shook his sapient head.

She did not gasp any more, nor move, nor open her eyes. "She will be better presently," Mr. Fleem said, in a low voice. She was much better already. She was dead.

"He must pay the promissory note," mused Mr. Tinctop to himself, as he covered the wasted face of her who had once been as beautiful as an Angel. "He must pay; for a registrar's as good as a marriage-certificate any day, and she told me where to find the boy—a fine fellow by this time. Ho! ho! I'll go abroad and lead a jolly life till Jack Pollyblank's hanged."

(To be continued.)

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.—A new drama was produced here on Saturday night. It is from the pen of Mr. Robertson. There is no special appropriateness in naming the new piece "Play." The interest centres in a group of about half a dozen individuals. These are the Hon. Bruce Fanquehere, an elderly and very needy aristocrat, and his charming niece Rosie; the Chevalier Browne, who unites the appearance of a swell with the morals of a sharper; his wife Amanda, a popular English actress; Mr. Bodmin Todder, a retired starch manufacturer, troubled by dyspepsia; and Mrs. Kincepp, a lady of the Becky Sharp type, who is now on the shady side of forty. The hero is Frank Price, son of the head of a wealthy City firm—an ardent, impressionable, and very retiring youth, who has saved the life of Rosie, and who has fallen desperately in love with her. Frank has several serious difficulties to contend against, in addition to his own awkward shyness. The Honourable Bruce does not like persons of plebeian extraction, and he cannot forget that after the Reform Bill passed, Price's grandfather delivered a pocket borough from the power of the Fanqueheres. The Chevalier Browne, although secretly married to Amanda, does not scruple to make love to Rosie, his object in so doing being in some measure his admiration of her beauty, but chiefly his knowledge of the fact that she has become the heiress to an enormous fortune. During an excursion to the Alte Schloss he tries his luck with very discouraging results. Half an hour afterwards Frank finds an unexpected opportunity of declaring his passion, and to his great joy and surprise is accepted. At this moment Amanda arrives in search of her truant husband, and having seen him in the company of Miss Fanquehere becomes distracted with grief, and falls fainting into the arms of Frank. Circumstances lead Rosie to believe that Mr. Price is an unprincipled deceiver. Misfortunes rapidly accumulate. The hapless young lady rushes to the gaming tables to play, and her lover gets involved in a duel with a German officer whom he has unwittingly offended. But at length the truth is discovered. Frank is rescued from his peril, the penitent Rosie obtains her uncle's consent to the marriage, and the worthless Browne is forced to acknowledge his pretty wife. The scenery of the piece is exceedingly elaborate and attractive. Especially should be mentioned the Alte Schloss, a picturesque height crowned by a magnificent ruin and overlooking the broad and beautiful Rhine as it flows between castled crags and thick forests. The Spießsahl, with its groups of anxious, excited gamblers, and its grave, impassive croupier, is quite as effective in a different way. Considerable taste and skill have been displayed in the costumes, and especially in the pretty and bright-coloured dresses of the German flower girls. On the whole, "Play" is likely to prove an attractive feature in the programme of the Prince of Wales's Theatre for a considerable time to come.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—An entertainment of a kind novel to the English stage, was given at this theatre on Monday evening by a troupe of Orientals, consisting of twelve males and six females, announced as being from Delhi, Lucknow, Nepal, and the Punjab, and "of that curious class of performers known in India by the title of 'Carnatics,' 'Naths,' and 'Jadoghers.' The principal performers were formerly attached to the Court of the King of Oude, at Lucknow, and are considered as the most wonderful performers of their class in India." The appearance of the male members of the troupe denoted liteness and suppleness of limb, rather than the muscular development generally apparent among English acrobats. The female performers, however, have a tendency towards *embonpoint*, though that circumstance did not appear in any way to interfere with their evolutions, which were conducted with as much ease as those delineated by their fellow artists of the opposite sex. The performances commenced with some of the acrobatic feats with which the public are tolerably familiar, varied by one or two special novelties in double tumbling, which were cleverly executed. These were followed by an illustration *a la perche*, with the exception that a stout bamboo cane did service in lieu of the ordinary pole, and that the aerial performer runs up the cane barefooted, using his toes to clasp the same during his ascent, and going through a series of illustrations more wonderful than any we have hitherto seen attempted. Six swords were next produced and arranged in a semi-circle, with the bare points fixed against the face of one of the females, whose head, feet, and hands were resting on a raised dais, and in this—in case of a slip extremely perilous—position she several times ran round her head, repeating the operation with the swords fixed all round in still more hazardous forms. Some clever juggling feats with gilt balls followed but beyond stating that they were neatly manipulated they call for no special comment. The celebrated Indian feat of walking the rope, partially tightened, on the tips of buffalo horns attached to the feet of the performer, was next given, and much applauded; as was also the exertions of another artiste who, kneeling in a flat pan, propelled himself from one end to the other, the motive power in this case being furnished by his toes, with which he grasped the rope behind. An extremely clever conjuring trick concluded the performances. A bag of fine sand was brought in and also a large bowl of water; the artiste then mixed a handful of the former in the bowl, pulled out his hand, wiped it dry, plunged it in again with the palm open, and, after stirring the water round a few times, drew forth a handful of dry sand and scattered it over the stage. This he repeated several times, drawing forth loud plaudits from the audience. It was stated that the troupe had only arrived in England a few hours previously, and were tired out with long travel, in consequence of which only a few of their easier tricks were shown; sufficient, however, were produced to testify to talent of a high order, and we are assured that their repertoire comprises all the wonders for which the Indian jugglers are so renowned, and which will in due course be produced. The performances of the Orientals were preceded by the farce of "The Goose and the Golden Eggs," and followed by the brilliantly successful pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood," which, with its costly, elaborate and beautiful scenery, in conjunction with the new attractions above enumerated, is likely to draw full houses for some time to come.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—"The Woman of the World," a new comedy in three acts, by Mr. Stirling Coyne, was produced for the first time on Monday night. It gives an accurate picture of some of the phases of social life in the present day. The dialogue is smart throughout, and in some places animated and witty. A lady who has retained her fascinations until middle age, and who possesses all the traits of an astute female diplomatist, serves as the heroine of the story; Mrs. Eddystone, moving as she does in most fashionable circles, and being endowed by nature with a strong intellect, and by art with the grace, the tact, and the repose of manner which are the surest helps to power, has brought within her net several gentlemen of very different calibre and pretensions. Three of these only take a prominent position in the piece. The first is Sir John Moleborough (Mr. Addison), a pompous old fop, who has obtained a reputation in Parliament by repeating speeches supplied by the clever widow. The second is Frank Merriton (Mr. Charles Mathews), a handsome, amusing, exceedingly self-confident, and rather good-natured swell. The last is Morden (Mr. Ashley), the real author of Sir John's speeches, a man of genius degraded by constant and reckless dissipation. There is also a reputed millionaire, Gideon Goldenbird (Mr. Horace Wigan), who is really embarrassed by tremendous debts; his pretty niece Alice (Miss Louisa Moore), and her lover, Sheridan Jones (Mr. R. Soutar), a dramatic author whom managers have not favoured. The acting was in every respect excellent. Mrs. Stirling as the handsome and ingenious Mrs. Eddystone, showed remarkable vivacity, grace, and esprit. Mr. Charles Mathews possesses the power of imparting wit to sayings not in themselves witty, and he proved this talent throughout the piece. As the vain, testy, pretentious old baronet, Mr. Addison produced abundant laughter, and the little which Miss Louisa Moore had to do was done with characteristic verve and piquancy. At the close of the performance there was a call for the author, who bowed his acknowledgments from his box.

ST. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE, LANGHAM-PLACE.—After some delay to enable Mdlle. Liebhart to conquer the difficulties of the English language, which was new to her in stage performances, the "Ambassadrice," in its vernacular title of "The Ambassadress," was brought out on Saturday night at this charming little house with a success highly creditable to all concerned. The piece is exceedingly lively and attractive, and Messrs. R. Reece and German Reed have accomplished their English adaptation with much point and skill, if the diction be not always as smooth as might be desired. The music, if it does not rise to the height of the "Domino Noir" or the "Di-dants de la Couronne," betrays the true Auber sparkle, tunefulness and piquancy of instrumentation in every number. Mdlle. Liebhart achieved a real success as Henriette—a success which we have no doubt will be made greater when she has become more familiar with the verses, which here and there are sufficiently troublesome to a foreigner. Her singing was to be commended unreservedly throughout, while her acting was sprightly, and instinct with grace and propriety. The dresses, appointments, and scenery, would have reflected credit on any stage management. The built up scene of the opera in the last act was a real masterpiece of scenic construction. On the whole there is little doubt that Auber's charming opera, as it is done at the St. George's Hall, will prove eminently attractive, and that it will give a new turn to the fortunes of the establishment. Mr. German Reed conducted the performance throughout with great care and intelligence.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—When the lamentable fire broke out in the people's palace, on Sydenham-hill, many months ago, the London public lost, by the destruction of the Tropical Department, one of its most favourite promenades. It was feared that the end of the building which was burnt on that memorable Sunday afternoon would never be restored. The directors have ordered it otherwise—at least in part. Thanks to the skill of Mr. Edwin Clark, their engineer, and to the careful construction of the Hamilton Windsor Iron Works Company, of Liverpool, a new Tropical end has already arisen from the ashes of the old one; and if it is not so large as that on which the Egyptian giants were wont to tower, and where tropical plants drooped their broad leaves or twined their delicate tendrils, it is at least large enough for the actual needs of the Crystal Palace and its visitors; while it has the great merit of being adapted for easy extension when funds permit or necessity demands.



## BETTING.

THE vast increase in betting among all classes which has been noticeable of late has called into existence a sort of middlemen, who style themselves commission agents. This trade was first started upon its present extended system about two or three years back, and has been found to be so profitable that now the advertisement sheets of the sporting journals are completely covered with the different price lists giving the odds which each individual is prepared to bet against this or that particular horse being successful in one or other of his coming races. Of course, there is as steep an ascent in the betting scale—from the discharged jockey who offers "long odds against some of these runners" on the skirts of the ring to highly respectable agents of Jermyn-street or Piccadilly—as from the pawnbroker of Bethnal Green to the fashionable bill-discounter of the West-end. But for all that, and apart from the folly of gambling even on equal terms, it will be found that even roulette, with two zeros out of twenty numbers, is a more profitable pastime than to bet with either the disreputable or the respectable book-maker. Those who are weak enough to send money to those people—and be it understood that no bet is laid until the money is safely lodged in their hands—generally act upon some piece of early information—some "straight tip" in the slang of the ring—whereby they fancy that if they do not win they are sure to have good "hedging" and thus gain something by their motion. An example taken at random from the list of one of the best known men on the turf will show how much chance they really have in their favour. The first great race to be decided in the ensuing season is the Lincolnshire Handicap. Now in the list to which we refer, there are forty-eight horses whose prices are given; there are two equal favourites at 10 to 1, and yet the highest price offered against any animal is 30 to 1. Any backer who got 20 or 25 to 1 against a non-favourite of whom he heard a good account—and there is at one time or another a good account set afloat about every horse in the race—would think he did very well. But what are the facts? Briefly these: If a £1,000 book were made upon the handicap—that is to say, if £1,000 were betted against each of the forty-eight horses at the prices which are quoted—the whole amount which would be paid to the commission agent would be as nearly as possible £2,200. Under the most unfavourable circumstances, therefore, he must win at least £1,100, for if either of the favourites win he has to pay only £1,000 and return the £100 for which the horse would have to be backed at 10 to 1, and a commission is invariably retained of 5 per cent. upon all winnings. Thus, on the supposition that all the horses are betted against, the agent cannot win less than cent. per cent. upon his book without any risk whatever; and, in point of fact, the backer gets about one-half the proper odds. We suppose, however, that as long as the instinct of gambling exists in human nature each individual will convince himself that he is not the one out of whom the profit is made.

"SWINDLE."—A racing prophet and the editor of a sporting paper having quarrelled over some business transactions, the former took his revenge by publishing advertisements imputing to the journalist that he was concerned in a variety of "swindles." This led to an action for libel, which was tried in the Court of Exchequer, resulting in a verdict of a farthing damages for the plaintiff, and which is chiefly interesting from the fact it brought out, that "swindle" had ceased to be a term of opprobrium on the turf. It is now a regular technical expression for a certain class of betting speculations, which, though declared illegal by a praiseworthy Legislature, are deemed quite in the fair way of trade in sporting circles, where a man sets up as a "swindler," just as in other walks of life he might be a brewer or a baker. By-and-bye, perhaps, as civilization advances, and old-fashioned prejudices disappear, we may perhaps find people boldly proclaiming themselves "swindlers" on their door-plates, or in the Directory. Indeed, we are not sure that the epithet carries much more offence with it in the City than on the turf, and there are certainly many branches of commercial activity which might conveniently and appropriately be classed under that head.

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of \$10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT & MAY'S Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

JUST OUT, STRAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, stram pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859.—[ADVT.]



EARL GRANVILLE, K.G.

## EARL GRANVILLE.

THE Earl of Granville, or to give his full title, Granville George Leveson-Gower, second Earl, K.G., &c., is the eldest son of the first earl by the second daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire. He was born in 1815, and educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1834. The following year he became, under his father, attaché to the embassy at Paris; and in 1836, being just of age, he was elected to Parliament for the borough of Morpeth. He was again returned in 1837, but early in the year 1840 he accepted the appointment of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which he held for some months, and shortly after took his seat as member for Lichfield. While in Parliament he always sided with the Liberal party, and was an able and consistent advocate of free trade. In 1846 he succeeded to the peerage, and in 1848 was appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade. In 1851 he obtained a seat in the Cabinet, and in the following December succeeded Lord Palmerston in the seals of the Foreign Office. His lordship held this office but a short time, as the Russell Cabinet fell to pieces soon afterwards. Besides the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs, Lord Granville has held those of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Master of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Treasurer of the Navy. He was appointed President of the Council in 1853, and in 1855 undertook the ministerial leadership in the House of Lords. He was re-appointed to his post in the Cabinet in 1859. In 1850 Lord Granville acted as Vice-President of the Royal Commission for the Great Exhibition, of which he was one of the most diligent working members, and accepted in the autumn of 1860 the chairmanship of the Commission for the Great Exhibition of 1862. When the Russian War was terminated, and the coronation of the young Czar was about to take place at Moscow, Lord Granville was sent upon an extraordinary mission to the Court of St Petersburg, as representative of the English nation. In 1857 he was created a Knight of the Garter. Lord Granville is, *ex officio*, as Lord President of the Council, one of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD.—When the blood is impure the whole body suffers. Then come indigestion, lowness of spirits, loss of flesh, nervousness, and a general feeling of discomfort. A course of "THE BLOOD PURIFIER," OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SASSAPARILLA acts specifically on the blood, purifying it of all vitiated humours. The digestion becomes easy, the spirits buoyant, the body regains its strength, and the mind its tranquillity. Sold by all druggists. Chief Depot, 131, Fleet-street. Caution—Get the red and blue wrappers with the Old Doctor's head in the centre; no other genuine.—[ADVT.]

## THE NEED OF A REAL PREMIER.

THE evil effect of the withdrawal or suspension of the Premier's authority is not confined to a possible jar among departments. English politicians are almost always trained men, are usually gentlemen, and invariably care very much not to make great mistakes. The danger, therefore, of a serious collision among chiefs rather than clerks is not quite so serious as it seems. Disagreement often causes delay and expenditure; but the moment the public weal became seriously affected, the chiefs would come to some mutual understanding. Still it is requisite to the conduct of public affairs in a progressive State that there should exist somewhere an initiative, a distinct leadership, and in England this can rest only with the Premier. The committee called a Cabinet could not exercise it if it tried, any more than a council of war could execute a great operation in the presence of an enemy. Such a committee is and must be essentially deliberative, and its resolutions the result of a compromise of opinions fatal to originality or completeness of design. At the same time no individual in the Cabinet except the Premier has the authority to assume such a position outside his own department, or in matters which affect many departments, or in questions affecting the general and not the departmental policy of the State. As a rule, a Cabinet Minister has enough to do to keep his own department in good order. As a rule, he is not disposed to undertake difficult reforms in matters for which he is not responsible, in which failure would be very disastrous, and the credit of success would be distributed among many. And, finally, as a rule, he is not disposed to assume the extremely invidious attitude of a Minister interfering with colleagues over whom he has neither by etiquette nor constitutional custom any authority at all. Consequently, whenever the Premier is not head of his own Government initiative ends, progress becomes slow, and authority is gradually recognised as being feeble, or over cautious. This has been the case in England for twelve years, and it is time that it should end. The condition of Ireland can be remedied only by a man who really guides and suggests the policy of the State, and at the present moment no such man exists. No nominal Premier could terminate the interregnum; and in the Tory party there are, failing Lord Derby, but two men who could possibly be real Premiers. Lord Stanley as Premier, but in the Upper House, is the only appointment, except Mr. Disraeli's, which could terminate the existing, and in our judgment dangerous interregnum.—*Economist*.

## THE CATHOLIC ARMENIANS.

THE Turkish correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* reports that great excitement prevails among the Catholic Armenians, in consequence of the conduct of their patriarch, Haseun, during a visit he lately paid to Rome. They have had since 1830 two archbishops, the senior of whom, the Archbishop of Cilicia, having died two years ago, the other, Monsignor Haseun, Archbishop of Constantinople, was appointed in his place. Besides these two archbishops, there was also a patriarchate at Constantinople, which was entrusted with the civil administration of the religious society there called *Millet*, in whose hands was placed the election of the dignitaries of the Church and the management of its property. While at Rome the new archbishop was not only confirmed in his appointment by the Pope, but also nominated by his Holiness supreme head of the civil and ecclesiastical administration of the Catholic Armenians, upon which Monsignor Haseun renounced in the name of the *Millet* its ancient right to control the elections and the Church property. Shortly after this the Pope addressed a circular to the Armenian bishops, forbidding them in future to elect their primates or to admit laymen to the elections for bishoprics, and at the same time the archbishop and patriarch informed the *Millet* of the result of his visit to the Pope, adding that the Porte had given its concurrence to the arrangement sanctioned by his Holiness. This so dissatisfied the members of the *Millet* that they requested an audience of Fuad Pasha, and protested energetically to that Minister against the new powers given to the patriarch. Another protest is said to have been forwarded by them to the Vatican.

HAIR.—Mr. Fen, chemist, Oxton-road, Birkenhead, the celebrated hairgrower, sends his noted formula, pre-paid, to any address for thirteen stamps. This formula will produce whiskers and moustache within thirty days, and is a certain remedy for baldness and scanty partings, without the slightest injury to the skin. See advertisement.—[ADVT.]

THE SKIN OF THE ELAND AS LEATHER.—S. W. NORMAN has returned from the Paris Exhibition with the Russia Leather bought by him, and finds he has many specimens of the Eland as Boot Fronts. Some choice samples adapted for boots from Poland, Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Circassia, and many novelties worthy an early inspection.—114 and 116 Westminster Bridge-road.—[ADVT.]





THE IMPERIAL GARDENS AND MAUSOLEUM, PEKING.

## A VIVACIOUS CORRESPONDENT.

THE Brightonians, during the slack season, are not left unconsoled or uncared for. If the fashionable world chooses to abandon Brighton, still Brighton keeps her motherly eye upon the fashionable world in a way that does her infinite credit. Under the attractive title of Metropolitan Gossip, one, at least, of the very spirited journals of this queen of British watering-places keeps its inhabitants well informed as to the dreadful wickedness and carrying-on of the great Babylon. This week the metropolitan gossip of the *Brighton Observer* gives one quite an harrowing account of the tragic fate of a now notorious young nobleman on the turf; how he was beset at Eton by harpies who got him into their clutches to the tune of £30,000 or £40,000; how he, with unaccountable promptitude, advertised his stud for sale, and so forth, with particulars too numerous to mention. We have about half a column of this, and then the writer seems to say to us, "But, Lord bless me! you unsophisticated Brighton people have no idea what terrible temptations lie about the feet of us metropolitanians. What say you to this?" And then he does actually say that the following letter was received by a gentleman in a Government office last Saturday:—

"Sir,—A pretty young woman, twenty years old, is threatened to be turned out of doors in a few days if she does not pay some back rent she owes. I can't assist her any further, so she has made up her mind to be introduced to some gentleman, so as to get out of her difficulty. For further particulars I shall be glad to wait upon you in any place you may choose to appoint.—Your humble servant,  
J. N.  
St. Luke's, Feb.

If this be a true story, why did not the receiver of so vile a letter appoint a place where J. N. might have been handed over to a policeman?

LIVINGSTONE.—Sir Samuel Baker has declared that with only nine followers it is scarcely possible that Livingstone could get to Alexandria. The *Spectator* wishes to know why Sir Samuel is "so profoundly and mournfully desponding," and hints that jealousy may have something to do with it. But was he not right in reminding the geographical people, in the midst of their jubilee, that Dr. Livingstone is not out of the wood yet, and that he is engaged in a most difficult enterprise? We have never embraced Sir Samuel's theory of the tiger negro, but we do not deny that the country through which Livingstone will have to pass is inhabited by dangerous tribes. Part of this country is Baker's ground, which Baker has always declared that he could not have covered unless he had been escorted by an armed force. He is therefore consistent in doubting whether Livingstone will pass through it with only nine men. It appears to us, however, that want of money will prove a more serious obstacle to his progress than want of armed men. If he does come out at Alexandria it will be decidedly the greatest journey ever achieved in Africa. But the difficulties are so great that we are inclined to think with Sir Samuel that he is more likely to return by the east coast.

## THE IMPERIAL GARDENS AND MAUSOLEUM, PEKIN.

NONE but the Imperial household are permitted to enter these gardens, except those specially invited by the Emperor. The mural defence is called the prohibited wall; it is built of bright red bricks, covered with shining yellow tiles, and named the Yellow Wall; it is upwards of twenty feet in height. The gardens are varied in ornamental designs by artificial mountains, and lakes in excavations purposely made, with floating islands on their tranquil bosoms; running streams occasionally interrupted by picturesque cataracts, and pavilions upon the margin of the waters. Fanciful edifices are grouped with clusters of beautiful trees and well-arranged masses of rock-work; and the whole, with grottoes, &c., forms an extremely pleasing delusion to the eye. One great reservoir, or lake, supplies the smaller ones, and this constantly presents a scene of animation, on account of the arrival and departure of pleasure junks with gay parties, wholly connected with the Imperial palace; in fact, amusement seems to be their only object. The double walls are considered necessary as means of defence, for there is much jealousy between the Tartars and the Chinese; and when a scarcity of food occurs it requires a considerable force to protect the Imperial palace from assault. The right of succession, too, has often been disputed, and proved the source of internal commotion. On a particular mound of singular structure stands a memorial of the last of that race of Emperors who have beautified these enchanting grounds; for it was upon this spot that he stabbed his only daughter, and then terminated his own existence when a usurper assailed the palace, and his defences were too feeble to offer effective resistance.

## RUSSIAN NEWS.

THE *Correspondance du Nord-Est*, which has lately been established in Paris for the purpose of supplying the press with news, derived from original sources, about Russia and the East, announces that General Ignatieff will not return to his post as Russian ambassador at Constantinople, and will retire for a time to his private estates. This temporary withdrawal from public affairs of a statesman who is so notorious an advocate of a Russian aggressive policy in Turkey is regarded as indicative of a more pacific tendency in the counsels of the Emperor, caused by the firm attitude and language of the Great Powers. Meanwhile, adds the *Correspondance*, Turkey is adopting every possible means of defending herself to the last against the intrigues which threaten her existence. Measures are now being taken in the War Office at Constantinople to establish, in addition to the regular army, a sort of Mussulman Landwehr. The Mussulman inhabitants of the country have always been armed, and it is proposed to provide the weapons now in their possession with modern improvements according to a system agreed upon by a committee of armours summoned from all parts of the empire. The new force is to consist of infantry and riflemen, and its organisation is to be similar to that of the Bashi-Bazouks, who, it will be remembered, did good service during the Crimean War.

## VIEW OF KAZEROUN.

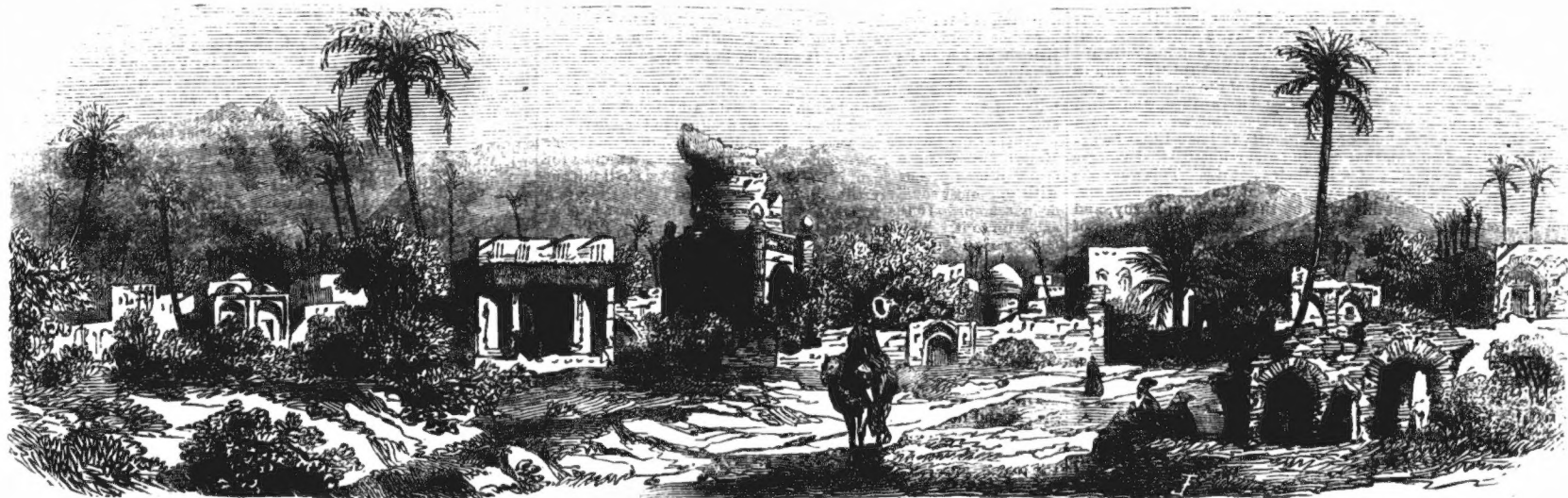
KAZEROUN is a province of Fars, in Persia, and celebrated for its manufacture of cotton fabrics. Although in a state of decay, it still possesses several thousand inhabitants. Its ruins of former splendour, as will be seen from our engraving, is now its principal attraction.

## AMERICAN PROTECTION.

THE *Round Table*, an American literary paper, is very angry with Congress, which, it declares, "not content with the follies of 'protection' in its general form, has gone to the more advanced folly of protecting the English bookmaker at the expense of the American." Unprinted paper, it seems, pays an *ad valorem* duty of 35 per cent, while the same paper printed and bound into a book pays only 25 per cent., and, consequently, as far as the cost of the paper is concerned, books imported from England are 10 per cent. cheaper than if produced in America. Americans also complain of the regulations of their Post-office, which restrict them from sending by mail a package of books more than four pounds in weight, whereas in England the only restriction is as to size—a package must not exceed two feet in length by one foot in breadth or width. By the calculation of the writer in the *Round Table*, while it would cost nearly twenty dollars to send twenty pounds weight of books from New York to Newark, eight miles, it would cost less than five dollars to send the same package from London to New York, or from Aberdeen to San Francisco.

IS IT POSSIBLE?—A low, marshy country, from which the surface water never thoroughly runs off. A hamlet of thatched hovels. Whole families crowded into a space not large enough for a single human being. Accumulations of filth, of rotting garden produce, of decomposing substances, foetid, noisome, malarious. Wells into which poured, without filtration, the foul liquid matter that oozed from those reeking heaps, and from which the neighbours drew the water they used, not merely for their rare and scanty ablutions, but for beverage. Men, women, and children, stunted in growth, dull of apprehension, scrofulous, idiotic. Prostrated by fever, so that every third creature among them was sick unto death. Poor, helpless, distraught, toiling like mere animals for a coarse, insufficient meal. Diggers of the earth, hewers of wood, drawers of (dirty) water, living like pariahs aloof from their fellow-men, caring for none, uncared for by any. The picture of an Indian village, in a rank jungle, by the banks of the Hooghly? No, an' it please you—but of a rural hamlet within half-an-hour's ride of London—paved with gold—in corn-growing Essex, in this merry old England, of which we are all so proud. It is thus, at least, Dr. Thorne depicts the village of Terling, the favourite haunt of the whole cohort of fevers.—*Leader*.

SHIPWRECKS.—The annual statistics of shipwreck published by the *Bureau Veritas* in Paris has just appeared. In 1867 there have been lost 3,045 vessels against 2,932 in 1866—an increase of 113. England has lost 1,438, the United States 364, France 273, Prussia 156, Norway 116, and Holland 112. One hundred and forty-five steamers and 2,900 sailing vessels have been lost.



VIEW OF KAZEROUN.



## LAW AND POLICE.

**AN UNCHASTE WIFE.—PRINCEP V. PRINCEP, WATERSON AND PICKARD.**—This case was a suit for a dissolution of marriage sought by the husband, John Princep, on the ground of the adultery of his wife, Eliza Hawken Princep, with James Waterson and Marshall Pickard. The respondent answered, denying the adultery, pleading that the neglect of her husband had conducted to the adultery, and that he had himself been guilty of cruelty towards her, and of adultery with one Charlotte Clements. The co-respondent, James Waterson, neither appeared nor answered, but the co-respondent, Marshall Pickard answered, denying the adultery. It appeared that the parties were married on the 1st of November, 1855. After the marriage they resided at Appleby Magna, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, on the borders of Leicestershire, which was the property of the petitioner. It was stated not to have been a very well-assorted match, but the parties lived together in apparent happiness up to 1866, when the petitioner found that his wife was carrying on a criminal connection with Waterson, who was a groom in his service, and also with Pickard, who was a farmer in the neighbourhood. On this being discovered, the respondent left her husband's house, and after she did so she wrote letters to a servant in the establishment, in which she seemed to admit the adultery with Waterson, but stated that the conduct of her husband had driven her to it. Eliza Smith stated that she was a servant in the petitioner's employment from June, 1864, to Michaelmas, 1865. She had seen Pickard and the respondent meet in the fields, and she often went to his house. She had heard her say that he was a very nice man, and she should like to have him. While the petitioner was from home she was in the habit of visiting Waterson at the stables every day, and staying a quarter or half an hour. Waterson also used to visit her at the house and remain in the parlour with her for half an hour. That was in the summer of 1865. Fanny Smith said she went into the petitioner's service in October, 1865. She was there until the June following, when the respondent left the house. Before she left she told witness that she had got herself into a scrape, and she wished to leave to get out of it. The petitioner was not at home when she left. In the spring of 1866 she had seen the respondent and Pickard in the fields together. Pickard used to meet the respondent and witness, when they were out with the children. On these occasions she had heard Pickard say that he loved her, but that she must not split, as he did not know what would be the consequence. She had seen Pickard kiss the respondent and put his arm round her waist. In the months of April and May the respondent visited Pickard's house frequently. On returning on one occasion the respondent told witness that one of the servants had found them out. Witness had asked the respondent if Pickard had committed adultery with her, and she replied "almost." Pickard had often told witness that he loved the respondent, and that he must love her. She first saw Waterson at the petitioner's, in November, 1865. He asked for Mr. Princep, who was not at home. He saw Mrs. Princep. After that he often visited the house. In the petitioner's absence he used to come two and three times a day, and sometimes remain all night. That was after Waterson left the petitioner's employment. In the month of May, 1866, Waterson called at the house and saw Mrs. Princep. There were some words between them, and Waterson called her a —, adding that he and Pickard were not the only men with whom she had had connection. The respondent afterwards said to witness, "He called me a —, and well he may." Witness used to carry messages between the respondent and Pickard, and on one occasion the latter told her to tell the respondent to come down and he would hug her well. The petitioner was not much from home. Joseph Spencer, a private in the 16th Lancers, stated that he was groom in the employment of the petitioner from October, 1865, to April, 1866. He had seen Waterson and the respondent in a place they called the "hovel." It was a place for keeping lumber. That was about eight o'clock at night. He had also seen them in the dining-room together. They remained there an hour. The petitioner was not absent more than six nights while he was there. Mr. Henry Shield stated that he was the attorney for the petitioner, and resided at Northampton. He was sent for by the petitioner on his wife leaving him. He afterwards found the respondent in a small inn at Nottingham. She told him she was guilty, and that she would be the one that would suffer. She hoped Pickard would not suffer for the sake of his wife and family. She said her husband knew all about it, and that she could not stay in the village any longer. She showed him a ring which she said Pickard had given her, and gave him the ring to take care of. Several letters were then put in evidence, addressed by the respondent to the co-respondent, Waterson, in which she addressed him as "My Darling," and "My Love," and which were full of expressions of the most intense love for him, and wishing that she was a free woman that she might enjoy him for life. The jury, after a brief consultation in the jury-box, found that the respondent had committed adultery with Waterson and he with her, but that she had not committed adultery with the co-respondent Pickard. The Court accordingly pronounced a decree nisi, with costs, against Waterson.

**THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER AND THE MANUFACTURER.—RUBERY V. RUBERY.**—In this case the wife sued for a judicial separation on the ground of her husband's adultery. The husband answered and denied the adultery. The parties were married in June, 1856, the petitioner being the daughter of a miller in Birmingham, named Rayner, and the respondent at the time a manufacturer there. After the marriage they resided in Birmingham, but in 1864 the respondent seemed to have got into difficulties, and they left Birmingham. From that time they did not appear to have cohabited much together in consequence of the respondent's circumstances. In October, 1866, the respondent was in Birmingham, and put up at the Queen's Hotel there. After being there two weeks, he stated on the 13th of October that his wife was coming to stay with him, and requested to have a larger bed-room. Such was procured for him, upon which he went out, and returned about ten o'clock with a young lady, and who slept with him in the same bed-room that night. In support of the petitioner's case several of the servants at the Queen's Hotel were called, who stated that on the 13th October, 1866, the respondent who had been staying there from the 2nd of that month, intimated that he expected his wife to join him that evening and requested that a larger bed-room might be appropriated for their joint use. This was done according to his request. He then went out in the evening, stating that he expected his wife by the train from Derby, and about ten o'clock he returned with a blooming young woman of some 22 years of age. They were shown into the bed-room appropriated for them, and on the following morning on the servant answering the bell she found the respondent in his trousers and night shirt and the lady in bed. He ordered two cups of tea, which were served. Some time after the bell rang again, and on the servant answering it she found the same state of things as on the previous occasion, the respondent in his trousers and night shirt, and the lady in bed. The respondent ordered a warm bath, which was prepared for him with all expedition, and which he used. The lady still remained in bed. In the course of the forenoon he left the hotel with her and returned in about five minutes. The lady was not the petitioner, who the witnesses had all since seen. On the transaction coming to the knowledge of Mr. Scott, the landlord, he ordered the respondent's bill to be made out, and sent an intimation to him to leave the house. On the conclusion of the petitioner's case, Mr. Searle said, the defence is this. At the time the respondent was staying at the Queen's Hotel there was a Mr. Bagot, a friend of his, putting up there. On this 13th of October

Bagot hinted to the respondent that he should like a young woman to sleep with him, but that he did not know how to get her smuggled into the hotel. Upon this the respondent, who was the worse for liquor at the time, said, "Oh, my boy, I'll do that for you. I don't care a snuff who sees me with a lady"; and accordingly the arrangement was made. Bagot was to occupy the respondent's bed-room and the respondent was to occupy his. The respondent accordingly went out and fetched the lady, and handed her over to Bagot in the bed-room set apart for himself. In the morning, in order to keep up the deception, he went and relieved Bagot of his fair charge, and called for the cups of tea and the bath, as spoken to by the witnesses. But, over and above that, the respondent was prepared to prove that he was seen in the streets of Birmingham that night between one and two o'clock in the morning, and that he partook of refreshments with various parties. Sir J. P. Wilde: Well, that amounts to an *alibi* and various other things, but why has not the respondent his witnesses here? The case has been on the paper for the last three days. Mr. Searle: The respondent has been in Birmingham for the last few days hunting up his witnesses, but he has not yet succeeded in finding them. (Laughter.) Sir J. P. Wilde: I should say it is a good job for him that he has not. (Continued laughter.) Mr. Searle: He expected to do so by Wednesday, if the case is adjourned to that day. Bagot cannot be found. Sir J. P. Wilde: I cannot allow an adjournment. You can address the jury, if you choose. Mr. Searle said he declined doing so, after the evidence which had been adduced. The jury then gave a verdict for the petitioner, and the Court pronounced a decree of judicial separation.

**AN EXPENSIVE LARK.**—Two medical students of Guy's Hospital, giving the names of Robert Frederick Palmer, King-street, Borough, and James Octavius Jones, who refused his address, were charged before Mr. Woolrych with being drunk and behaving in a disorderly manner in Newington-butt. Police-constable 200 L said: About half-past six o'clock he was on duty in Newington-butt when he saw the two prisoners come out of the Old King and Queen Tavern, opposite Newington Church. They commenced singing various songs at the top of their voices, and proceeded along the road for some distance. On arriving at the Commercial Coffee-house the one giving the name of Jones hammered at the door with a short stick he carried, while the other pulled the bell. Witness passed on, seeing they were the worse for liquor, but had not proceeded more than thirty yards when they came behind him, calling out "Bobby." They continued to follow him, and coming close up, exclaimed, "Let's have a lark with the bobby." Witness tried to avoid them, but they pushed and thrust him against a shop front. He reasoned with them, and tried all he could to persuade them to go away quietly, but all in vain. They persisted in following him. Not satisfied with this proceeding, they seized hold of him and demanded his name and number. In the meantime, several working men on the way to their employment gathered round and cried "Shame" upon the prisoners. They at length became so disorderly that he was compelled to take them into custody with the assistance of another constable. The prisoners, who treated the affair very lightly, both expressed their regret for what had happened, and were ordered to pay a fine of £2 each, or be imprisoned for twenty-one days, with hard labour.

## MR. AND MRS. WILLOUGHBY.

If it is one of the advantages of an hereditary legislative peerage that lords are, as a rule, expected to behave themselves, it is a drawback that, when a lord does not behave himself, we are all tempted to mourn as if the glory of our land had been sullied. This feeling is hardly worthy of us. As no one feels surprised, it seems a pity anyone should feel ashamed, when a noble proves a sot, a fool, or a coward. Primogeniture may be right or wrong, but it was never expected to maintain in peculiarly high perfection the morals of eldest sons. If primogeniture, therefore, is bad, let it be abolished; but let us be sure why we abolish it. The Hereditary Grand Chamberlain's personal immorality and meanness no more discredit the principle of a peerage (to keep up which we make land unsaleable) than those qualities incapacitated him for his highly intellectual and responsible State duties. Anyone who expected an Hereditary Lord Chamberlain to be an Hereditary Joseph must have curious ideas of the moral magic of descent. We did not need the edifying sight of a Willoughby D'Eresby looting his paramour to enable us to understand that a peer may occasionally break even the commandment which forbids being found out; and if his transgressions illustrate the mortal frailty of a class that has no earthly occasion to be virtuous, let us at least avoid constitutional hysterics.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn rebuking sin is always a very impressive spectacle, but we could wish he had on the present occasion treated the sinner with more indifference. Thousands of Englishmen would receive such homilies as were delivered at this trial once a week for life and deserve them too, if they could be what this adulterous and mean-spirited "public character" is in society; and even the plaintiff's solicitor has felt bound to write to the *Times*, assuring the public that he did his utmost to save the noble defendant from exposure. All this suggests that there is a double danger. We are likely to tolerate adultery and meanness when committed by a lord, and we are likely to undervalue his peerage when a lord is adulterous and mean. Now it must be clear that if we maintain an estate of the realm which has hardly any incentive to private virtue but its own good pleasure, we do so for strong political reasons. Anyone may hear some of them if he will propose in a debating club the abolition of the House of Lords. But amongst those reasons he will not find any pretence that the existence of an hereditary House of Legislature secures a continuity of good morals. It happens that the British peerage, though it hails from times when barons were generally scoundrels, has in the main been pretty respectable—that is, not much worse than other orders, in spite of its greater temptations. Perhaps in olden times the British people would not have tolerated a peerage of Willoughbys. But personal character is now neither here nor there, for we all understand political science, and the British nation in its maturity is superior to considerations of personal merit.

Who would lose the advantage of having a Willoughby for a pillar of the State because he ran away with a Frenchman's wife, and, after living with her fifteen years, declined to keep her, and withheld from her her property? If we distinctly prefer an Upper House formed upon a principle which affords no guarantee for either fitness or character, it is absurd to suppose we shall fall out with our most sacred institution because this or that peer is a fool or a scamp. If the populace do not see this, they must be educated up to it. They must be taught to say with fervour, "Thank God, we have a House of Lords!" They must understand that our hereditary legislators are no more bound to pay their mistresses than they are to vote for good laws. The Lord Chief Justice may scold Peers into doing the one, and public opinion may influence them to the other, but the principle of our Constitution is that descent is better than fitness, as the principle of society is that nobility is much preferable to moral excellence.—*Leader.*

On Sunday night a fire broke out on the premises of Mr. Coppin, draper and hosier, 261, Goswell-road. There was no one in the house at the time, Mr. Coppin having gone to visit a friend. The fire was discovered by the policeman on the beat, who speedily gave the alarm, and though the fire-engines soon arrived, in less than an hour the house was entirely gutted.

GRAY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMEON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

## THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE RACING SEASON.

As "MODEUS" says, The unprecedented success of Birmingham Steeple-chases not only spoke volumes for the tact, industry, and popularity of Mr. Sheldon, but also gave direct evidence of the strong partiality entertained by the masses for the incidents of field and flood. The results on both days were much in favour of backers, and the decision of the Grand Annual threw some light upon the Liverpool, Shakespeare cutting such an indifferent figure that his chance of securing Aintree honours is gone. Judging from his style of jumping, he will never distinguish himself over a stiff country, and unless the Duke of Hamilton can rely with confidence upon Jack of Trumps, it would be impossible to find a likely successor to Cortolvin in his team. In addition to Shakespeare, the Nun, Benazet, Weedbury Hill, Archimedes, and Musketeer, of the Grand National candidates, also ran, the first named in receipt of a stone from Benazet, beating him cleverly by half a length. With a 10lb penalty the Nun's weight for the "great go" is 11st 6lb, which will be more than sufficient to put her out of court; while Benazet, on the other hand, looks uncommonly tempting with 11st 3lb; and if he can stay I should not be surprised were he to supplant his stable companion, The Lamb, before the day. The debut of Archimedes, who has sadly gone to the bad since he ran the mighty Gladiator to a neck for the Two Thousand, created more than passing interest; but although it was said that he took to leaping very kindly at home, his old temper displayed itself in public, and he early came to a dead halt. In contrast to Lord Stamford's gelding, Moose, who ran in the Erdington Plate, is a natural fencer, and it is just on the cards that he may be Mr. Brayley's champion next month, as Pearl Diver is almost too big a jumper to get home in front for a Grand National. Within the last few days Rosicrucian has been slightly depressed, both for the Two Thousand and Derby, although his believers have, I think, no cause for alarm, more especially if his absence from exercise for a couple of mornings was the basis of opposition. The substantial support awarded to Pace by his noble owner has directed further attention to the son of Caterer; his dark companion, Harvester, in the meanwhile beating a retreat to 1,000 to 15 for the Derby, and for both races an increasing animus is betrayed against Typhoeus. The winter rage for Blue Gown is revived with almost greater fondness; but although he might be considered good enough to wear the "cherry" in the Two Thousand, I shall, until convinced to the contrary by ocular proof, hold tenaciously to my previously expressed opinion that the "Gown" is inferior to both Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve. A winter almost unparalleled for open weather has enabled training to be pursued with scarcely an interruption, and both north and south of the Humber horses are reported to be unusually forward in condition. As the first of the series of spring handicaps the Lincolnshire is invested with great importance, especially to trainers, as it often provides a key to its successors, and the winner, or the "runners up," are in valuable request as trial horses.

## LINCOLN RACES.

The visitors and horses at Lincoln on Monday evening were exceedingly numerous, and after the arrival of the morning trains on Tuesday the High-street of the old city was impassable, so dense was the crowd. The fine weather brought out plenty of holiday people, and by noon a good many had taken up their stations on the course, the sport being set to commence half an hour later. The ring and stand were well filled, most of the leading turf speculators being assembled in the enclosure, and the aristocratic patronage accorded to the meeting included that of the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Stamford, Lord Westmoreland, Lord Courtenay, Count Bathynary, Colonel Forester, Captain Machell, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Savile, Mr. S. Payne, Mr. Naylor, and M. Lafitte (the owner of The Czar). There were seven races on the card, and no fewer than forty-seven were coloured for the Lincoln Handicap, which, it may be remarked, produced no betting on Monday evening, nor was there a disposition to wager on it on Tuesday, or to meddle with any future event. The time-honoured Trial Stakes set the ball rolling, and this brought out five three-year-olds and a French four-year-old, called La Ferte Frenel, the latter making a very indifferent show. Only three were backed, Speculum, Catton, and Blueskin, who finished in the order named, the level money laid on the first-named being cleverly landed, though he carried a 10lb. penalty. He was ridden by Murray, who showed for the first time in the Duke of Newcastle's colours, and had not the attention of the bookmakers been taken up just at this time with the principal handicap of the afternoon, the lusty son of Vedette, who has thickened much, would doubtless have found some support for the Derby. The starters for the Brocklesby Trial Plate numbered 17, one less than last year, and through the fractiousness of Goodfellow, the start was delayed half an hour. A capital race was at length seen with Indian Star, Sir Oliver, and Problem, Kenyon succeeding in landing the first-named, who started with the call in the betting, and unmistakably reversed his Liverpool autumn form with old Skylark, whom he met on 5lb better terms. The Star carried 6lb more for this race than he did in 1867, when he could take no part in the finish, nor could Maid Marian and Salliet, who formed two of the competitors on Tuesday. Though the Innkeepers' Stakes was reduced to a match, the advertised added money was given, and another exciting race was seen, this time between Cater and the Buckenham's dam filly, the odds of 6 to 4 betted on the first-named being brought home by a neck. Thus the three first events were all in favour of the talent, who indulged in some heavy speculation on the Brocklesby Stakes, which came off last year on the second day. Upon that occasion there were 17 competitors, whereas five more now went to the post, the most fancied being Sister to Veda, De Vere, Curieuse, and Lure, all of whom came from Newmarket with high characters. Sister to Veda a fortnight ago was backed at the short odds of 4 to 1, and though small she stripped a remarkably handsome filly, and just had the call of De Vere and Curieuse, the first named of whom was reported to have been highly tried by Joseph Dawson. Curieuse represented Count Lagrange, and Lure the Duke of Newcastle, and three out of the four named did not obtain the barren honour of a place. Curieuse obtained a remarkably easy victory, and the three next to her were also fillies, Hilda, Electricity, and Sister to Veda, the latter thus doing worse than her relative last year. It is a remarkable fact that the Brocklesby winner has turned up in a filly eight times successively—namely, Queen of Spain, Dirt Cheap, Hippolyta, Vision, Ozon, Problem, Nanny, and Curieuse, and a more promising one than the last-named has never carried off the prize. She is by Monarque—Tolla, and according to the new book "Calendar," has sixteen engagements, including one on the second day of the meeting under notice, and for which she has a 10lb. penalty. The most notable races she is entered in for next year are the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks.

**CARELESSNESS IN A DISPENSARY.**—An old man in Manchester named O'Brien, suffering from bronchitis, obtained an order on a dispensary for a mixture composed of laudanum and ipecacuanha. Having swallowed a dose of it, he found himself so relieved that he drank the entire contents of the bottle, on the supposition that the more of the medicine he took the better he should be. He was found dead in his bed the next morning with the empty bottle in his hand. At the coroner's inquest the jury censured the dispensary man for giving out medicines unaccompanied by written directions as to the quantity to be taken.



## POPULATION IN FRANCE.

The movement of the population in France presents some interesting features, especially when compared with that of England. It appears that in the five years between 1861 and 1866 the population increased by 680,933, or less than one-third (0.37) per cent. per annum. In England and Wales the increase was one and a quarter per cent. (1.25) or nearly four times as rapid as in France. At its present rate of increase 183 years would be required for the population of France to double itself. But this is not all: of the 680,933 addition in five years, 328,412, or nearly half, is town population; in 31 out of 89 departments there was an actual decrease. The length of life in France is improving, but the number of births continues abnormally small—no more now in a population of 38,000,000 than in 1800, when the population was only 27,000,000. The birth rate in France is 1 in 38; in England 1 in 29. The marriage rate is 1 in 12 in France; in England 1 in 113. The death rate appears to be nearly the same, or 1 in 44.

## RETIREMENT OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

ANNOUNCING the news of the retirement of the Duke of Beaufort from the turf, and that the whole of his stud will shortly come to the hammer, "Argus," of the *Post*, says:—"It is well known that a considerable portion of his grace's rent-roll is derived from his mineral property, and that at the present moment a vast amount of depression exists in the coal and iron trade, so much so that his largest tenants, the Messrs. Bailie, the great ironfounders, have given notice to their workpeople that their works will be closed on the 3rd March. As their stoppage will in all probability be followed by that of others, the duke has considered he would be deprived of so large a source of income as not to be justified in the maintenance of his racing stud; and to avoid an enforced sale at some subsequent period, and give cause for another turf scandal, he has resolved to give up at once."

## DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM SHEE.

We have to announce the death of Sir William Shee, one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench, who died at a quarter-past 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning, at his residence, in Sussex-place, Hyde-park-gardens. His lordship was the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Shee, of Thomas Town, County Kilkenny, by the daughter of Mr. John Dorell, of Sootney Castle, Kent. He was born in 1804, and married in 1837, Miss Gordon, daughter of Sir J. Gordon, Bart., of Gordonstown. The learned judge, who was educated at Ushaw Roman Catholic College, was called to the bar in 1828, and went the home circuit, of which he ultimately became the leader. He was created sergeant-at-law in 1840, and became Queen's counsel in 1845. In 1864 he was appointed a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, on which occasion he was knighted. At the general election in 1847 he was an unsuccessful candidate for Marylebone. In 1852 he was returned to the House of Commons for Kilkenny, which he represented till 1857, and unsuccessfully contested at the election that year.

We are informed the learned judge was taken ill on Saturday, the 8th inst., having the day previously attended to his duties in the Court of Queen's Bench. Since then he had gradually declined in strength, and within the last few days his condition had been considered hopeless.

## A RAILWAY TRAIN RUNNING OVER AN EMBANKMENT.

SEVERAL PERSONS INJURED, AND EXCITING SCENE ON THE LINE.

On Wednesday morning between 9 and 10 o'clock great excitement was caused by a passenger train running over an embankment between the York-road (Battersea) station and that of the Clapham Junction.

The train in question belonged to the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and left the Victoria station at 9 a.m. for the Crystal Palace. It was due at Clapham Junction at 9.27, but on arriving about 100 yards from the Pope Arch Junction the engine left the rails, plunging up the gravel, tearing away the sleepers and fantastically twisting the permanent way. The train proceeded rocking and jolting for another 100 yards, when the engine and tender ran down a sloping embankment of thirty feet in height, drawing the train after them. One carriage followed on the steep descent, but owing to the engine turning on its side further progress was stopped.

On the train coming to a stand-still, the passengers rushed out of the carriages, and took refuge in the field at the bottom of the embankment.

The passengers were very severely shaken. Some were attended by Dr. Cornish, who is attached to the company's staff, and they all were enabled to be sent either to their residences or to return to Victoria for another train to convey them to their destination.

William Harrison, the driver of the engine, was precipitated on to a fence of the field at the bottom of the embankment. He was carried away by men in a severely injured state. The fireman, George Green, also was injured, but as far as is known, not so severely as Harrison; there was a third man on the engine and tender, who is also injured.

The officials of the company were very prompt in providing medical assistance to those who were shaken and injured, and in affording speedy means to those who were able to proceed to their destination.

The train consisted of eleven carriages, including two guards' vans, together with an engine of thirty tons weight, and the tender. There were three first class carriages, two composite (1st and 2nd), three 2nd, and the remainder were 3rd class.

## DOING THE GRAND.

CHARLES SMITH CARLETON, alias the Hon. Charles Carleton Blyth, was brought up in custody of Sergeant Palmer, of the detective

force, charged with attempting to obtain £50 by means of a forged cheque, with intent to defraud Sir John Kirkland, army agent, of 17, Whitehall-place.

Mr. Parsons, cashier to Sir John Kirkland, stated that, between eleven and twelve o'clock on Thursday last, the cheque produced, for £50, was tendered at the office in Whitehall-place, by a boy then in court. It was signed "Charles Carleton Blyth." There were gentlemen of the name of Blyth who had accounts with the firm, but witness did not recognise the signature. He detained the cheque and said that the gentleman had better come himself. The boy went away.

Joshua Grant, a boy about fifteen years of age said he lived with his parents, who kept a coffee-house at 125, Drury-lane. The prisoner had been staying there for some days. On Tuesday last the prisoner sent him to get a cheque changed at a banker's. It was at once paid, and he brought the money back to the prisoner. On Thursday he was sent by the prisoner to Messrs. Hopkinson and Co's Bank, Regent-street, with the cheque now produced. He was there told to present it at 17, Whitehall. He went there and the cheque was detained. He was desired to tell the gentleman to call himself. He went back to the gentleman and delivered the message to him. The prisoner gave him a note, and sent him with it to 17, Whitehall-place. A gentleman then got into a cab with him, and drove back to Drury-lane. Witness saw the prisoner with the letter.

Mary Ann Stanley, a rather pretty young woman, said that she was a dressmaker, and having met the prisoner on Monday last, went with him to the coffee-house in Drury-lane, where they stayed till Friday. On Thursday the prisoner, who called himself the Hon. Chas. Carleton Blyth, said he had £250 in the bank, and he was going to draw the odd £50. He then drew the cheque, and sent the boy with it.

Sergeant Palmer, of the detective force, stated that on Friday he was at Sir John Kirkland's in consequence of information received from him, and on the witness Grant coming in witness got into a cab with him and drove back to the coffee-house, where he found the prisoner the worse for liquor. He said he was secretary to Mr. Jordan, whom he described as a "doctor," in Maddox-street, and on witness saying that he could not find any such name in the directory as that of a medical man, he observed, "Oh, no. He has been prosecuted by the profession." (He had described himself as a "doctor," and given the same address.) He had been living very extravagantly at the coffee-house. Witness knew perfectly well who "Dr. Jordan" was, and had seen him about the cheque presented on Tuesday at another bank, but that turned out to be a genuine cheque, to which the prisoner was entitled.

The prisoner said he did not think he was doing any harm. He thought the cheque would be returned "no account."

He was remanded for further inquiry.

**A DEMOCRATIC MASS MEETING.**—The City of Antwerp brings intelligence from New York to the 1st inst. A Democratic mass meeting had been held in that city, at which resolutions denouncing the proceedings of Congress as revolutionary, and approving the acts of the President, were passed. Many of the speakers were in favour of nominating Mr. Johnson for the Presidency. The military authorities have moved the Supreme Court to dismiss the M'Alister test case on the ground of want of jurisdiction.

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"I remain, my dear Sir, your's gratefully,"

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Short Costumes, for Walking or Travelling,  
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WELL DRESSED? Boys' Knickerbocker Suits in Cloth from 15s. 9d.; Useful School Suits from 12s. 9d. Patterns of the Cloth, directions for measurement, and forty-nine engravings of new dresses, post free.—NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's Churchyard.

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Not to be excelled.

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With Watered Silk facings.  
A LARGE STOCK ALWAYS READY  
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Fit and Quality guaranteed.  
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## LONG LOOKED FOR, COME AT LAST

HOPWOOD AND CREW'S 100  
QUADRILLES, WALTZES, POLKAS, &c.,  
for the Violin, in complete Sets for Dancing, price  
One Shilling and Sixpence, post free.  
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Great care has been taken to render these arrange-  
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## CELEBRATED SONGS WITH CHORUS.

Pulling Hard Against the Stream. Bear it Like a Man.  
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Comic Duets for Lady and Gentleman, as sung with  
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Mr. and Mrs. Wright; or, The Happy Policeman.  
Folly and Fashion. Love and Pride.

The Music and Words of the above Songs may be  
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Stamps each.

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## PIANOFORTES LENT ON HIRE,

FOR ANY PERIOD,  
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Hire allowed. Carriage Free.  
The largest assortment in London of every description  
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PEACHEY,

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\*New Grand Pianofortes Lent on Hire for Con-  
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## MOORE AND MOORE LET ON HIRE

the following PIANOFORTES for three years,  
after which, and without any further charge whatever,  
the pianoforte becomes the property of the hirer.  
Pianettes, 2½ guineas per quarter; Piccolos, 3 guineas  
per quarter; Cottage Pianos, £3 10s. per quarter;  
Drawing-room Model Cottage, £3 15s. per quarter;  
HARMONIUMS ON EASY TERMS OF PURCHASE.

—Price Lists Free. Carriage Free to all parts of the  
Kingdom. Extensive Ware-rooms, 104 and 105,  
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## CLEANLINESS.—W. G. NIXEY'S refined

BLACKLEAD, for polishing stoves and all kinds  
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PRODUCED.—BALDNESS and Scanty  
Partings CURED within THIRTY DAYS, without  
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## LOOK TO YOUR TEETH.

MR. FRANCOIS, Surgeon-Dentist, con-  
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TEETH, on vulcanized base, at 5s. a tooth, and £2  
10s. the set. These teeth are more natural, comfort-  
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Euston-square.—Consultations Free.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited),  
CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E. C.—Nearly  
opposite the Cannon-street Railway Station.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)  
are the sole bottlers of Wine in Imperial measure.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)  
Say that an Imperial pint bottle is bound  
by law to hold one-eighth part of a gallon.  
And that an Imperial quart bottle is bound by law  
to hold one-fourth part of a gallon.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)  
Say that the required quart is generally  
understood to measure 6 to the gallon, but that  
there is no law to declare what the true measure-  
ment of a reputed pint or quart shall be, and conse-  
quently there is no law to reach the bottler in short  
measure. These bottles are made to hold any measure  
from 6 to 8 to the gallon, according to the will of the  
wine merchant, who, if he desires true 6's, has to make  
special request for such to the manufacturer, who  
deals in the ordinary course of his business in 6's,  
6½'s, 7's, 7½'s, according to inquiry, which would not  
be the case if such bottles were illegal, and which is  
not the case with Imperial pints, which being legal,  
are regular in measure.

These bottles of spurious extraction have sneaked  
into use under the style and title of the Royal bottle—  
the true quart—though at best they only contain two-  
thirds the measure, and cannot be relied on even for  
that—for a vast quantity of short measures being in  
use and constant circulation they are day by day  
exchanged by consumers for the bottles sent by the  
respectable wine merchant, who must either refuse  
them, which is often impossible—or not his interest to  
do so; destroy them, which no one supposes; use  
them, which he won't; or sell them at a loss to others,  
who in re-filling them delude the buyer, inflict a wrong  
on the wine trade generally, give occasion for a vast  
amount of unnecessary labour, and becomes a source  
of tricky opposition to the fair trader, who suffers.

These so-styled reputed quarts are neither honest,  
legal, nor convenient, and even if prepared for any  
reason whatever, should first be made subject to legal  
measurement and control, like all other measures; be  
stripped of their assumed reputed titles, which have  
brought much dispute on the bottle measure; and  
with their illegitimate children, the reputed pints, be  
dubbed with some characteristic title, such as "sneaks"  
and "half sneaks," declaring what they actually are.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)  
Supply any person in any part of the country  
with one bottle of Wine at the same price as it is  
sold on the Continent.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)  
Sell the CHEAPEST WINES OF FRANCE—A  
good, sound, rich, full, nutritious Claret (choise vin  
ordinaire).

Imperial pints, 9s. per doz., or 9d. per bottle; Im-  
perial quarts, 18s. per doz., or 1s. 6d. per bottle.

The same Wine in reputed measure.

Reputed pints, 7s. per doz., or 7d. per bottle; reputed  
quarts, 12s. per doz., or 1s. per bottle.

No charge for bottles, but 1s. per doz. allowed for  
bottles returned.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)  
Sell the CHOICEST WINE OF FRANCE—  
Chateau Lafitte, first growth, 1864 vintage, bottled  
in 1867.

Imperial pints, 63s. per doz., or 5s. 3d. per bottle;  
reputed quarts, 84s. per doz., or 7s. per bottle.

No charge for bottle.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)  
Sell the CHEAPEST WINE OF SPAIN—A good,  
sound, rich, mellow, full, agreeable MOUNTAIN  
SHERRY.

Imperial pints, 12s. per doz., or 1s. per bottle; Im-  
perial quarts, 24s. per doz., or 2s. per bottle.

The same Wine in reputed measure.

Reputed pints, 8s. 6d. per doz., or 8d. per bottle;  
reputed quarts, 15s. per doz., or 1s. 3d. per bottle.

No charge for bottle.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)  
Sell the CHOICEST WINES OF SPAIN.

Per doz.

AMONTILLADO, Impl. pts. 36s., reputed qts. 46s.

MONTILLA, do. 45s. do. 60s.

SOLERA, do. 60s. do. 72s.

A single bottle to be obtained at the same price.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)  
Sell the CHOICEST WINES OF PORTUGAL—  
A good sound, rich, fruity, delicate MOUNTAIN  
PORT.

Imperial pints, 12s. per doz., or 1s. per bottle; Im-  
perial quarts, 24s. per doz., or 2s. per bottle.

The same Wine in reputed measure.

Reputed pints, 8s. 6d. per doz., or 8d. per bottle;  
reputed quarts, 15s. per doz., or 1s. 3d. per bottle.

No charge for bottle.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)  
Sell the CHOICEST WINES OF PORTUGAL—  
A good sound, rich, fruity, delicate MOUNTAIN  
PORT.

Imperial pints, 12s. per doz., or 1s. per bottle; Im-  
perial quarts, 24s. per doz., or 2s. per bottle.

The same Wine in reputed measure.

Reputed pints, 8s. 6d. per doz., or 8d. per bottle;  
reputed quarts, 15s. per doz., or 1s. 3d. per bottle.

No charge for bottle.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)  
Call attention to the fact that they make no  
charge for bottles, but that 1s. per dozen is allowed  
for bottles if returned, thereby reducing the cost of  
the Wine 1s. per dozen.

For further particulars see Price Lists, which will  
be forwarded on application.

A single bottle of any of the above Wines can be  
obtained as sample.

Cheques and Post-office orders to be made payable to  
THE ONE WINE COMPANY (LIMITED), 115,  
Cannon-street, London, E.C.

Cheques crossed Glyn and Co. Post-office Orders  
payable to W. Sheppard.

## KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY &amp; COGNAC

BRANDY.—This celebrated OLD IRISH  
WHISKY rivals the finest French Brandy. It is pure,  
mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in  
bottles, 3s. 8d., at most of the respectable retail houses  
in London, by the appointed agents in the principal  
towns of England, or wholesale at 3, Great Windmill  
Street, London, W. Observe the red seal, pink label  
and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

BY HER MAJESTY'S  
ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

## SUTTON'S PATENT FIRE LIGHTER.

EVERY ONE SHOULD USE THEM.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

WHOLESALE, 16, CARBURN-STREET,  
FITZROY SQUARE.

## THE EXCELLENCE OF PREPARED COCOA.

## BARRY and COMPANY'S PREPARED

COCOA.  
Sold by all Grocers.  
In Packets—One Shilling per Pound.

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COCOA.  
Delicious to the palate and invigorating to the system.  
In Packets—One Shilling per Pound.

## BARRY and COMPANY'S PREPARED

COCOA.  
Has no attractive name but quality to recommend it.  
In Packets—One Shilling per Pound.

## BARRY and COMPANY'S PREPARED

COCOA.  
Made instantaneously with boiling water.  
In Packets—One Shilling per Pound.

## BARRY and COMPANY'S PREPARED

COCOA.  
Observe on each packet the trade mark, a crown, and  
manufacturer's address.  
FINSBURY STEAM MILLS, LONDON.

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## FLORENCE

(LOCK STITCH) IS  
THE BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE  
IN THE WORLD.

We warrant the Florence superior to all  
others for Family use. If any purchaser is  
dissatisfied with it, after a fair trial, we will  
give in exchange any Sewing Machine of simi-  
lar price known to the trade.

ADDRESS:—  
FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,  
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AGENTS WANTED.

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## PATENT SEWING MACHINES.

SEWING MACHINES FOR DOMESTIC  
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MAKERS.

SEWING MACHINES FOR UPHOL-  
STERERS.

SEWING MACHINES FOR SADDLERS.

ALL LOCK-STITCH MACHINES.  
Work both sides alike.

THE CELEBRATED No. 2. £10,  
THE NEW DOMESTIC MACHINES,  
With Stand and Table, complete.  
£6 6s. & £8.

W. F. THOMAS & CO.,  
The Original Patentees (1846),  
1 & 2, CHEAPSIDE, and REGENT CIRCUS,  
OXFORD-STREET, LONDON.

## EXCLUSIVE PRIZE-MEDAL SEWING

AND EMBROIDERY MACHINES, with all the  
latest improvements, for every home. Are the simplest,  
cheapest, and best—does every variety of domestic and  
fancy work in a superior manner. Price from £6 6s.  
WHIGHT & MANN, 143, Holborn-bars, London, E.C.

35s. "THE WONDER." 35s.

## CHEAPEST SEWING MACHINE IN

THE WORLD.  
Makes the Elastic Stitch, Will Hem, Seam, Bind,  
Quilt, Embroider, and all household sewing.  
Guaranteed 12 months.—Catalogues free.  
J. A. KNIGHT & Co., 42, Hanway-street, Oxford-  
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## KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—

WHAT DISEASES ARE MORE FATAL IN  
THEIR Consequences than neglected Coughs, Colds,  
Sore Throats, or Lungular Affections? The first and  
best remedy is KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES,  
which are daily recommended by the Faculty.—  
Testimonials from the most eminent of whom may be  
inspected. Sold in boxes 1s. 1½d.; tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d.,  
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Paul's Churchyard, London. Sold retail by all Drug-  
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OF WRATH, AND THE LAST JUDGMENT.—  
These three very fine large Engravings, from Martin's  
last grand paintings, 30s. Also, Bolton Abbey in the  
Olden Time (this is a very fine engraving by Landseer),  
15s.; proof, 12s. Every description of picture frames  
kept in stock, at the lowest prices, at GEO. REES, 57,  
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## LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE

Cures Headache, Giddiness, Sea or Bilious Sick-  
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and forms a most invigorating saline draught. Sold by  
Chemists, and the Maker, H. LAMPLOUGH, 113,  
Holborn-hill, London.

Have it in your House.

THE EUROPEAN SEA SALT COM-  
PANY, 183, Strand, W.C., and 52, 53, Crutched-  
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FOR ONE PENNY. Hot, tepid, or cold. Sold by all  
chemists, grocers, and oilmen, in bags or boxes.—7lbs.,  
11d.; 14lbs., 1s. 10d.; 28lbs., 3s. 6d.; 56lbs., 7s.;  
1 cwt., 14s.—Travellers required in town and country.

## CERTAIN CURE for TOOTH-ACHE,

face ache, head ache, or rheumatism in the head  
or shoulders, without pain or medicine. Wear a piece  
of the Amalgamated Swissherb's Metal, like many  
thousands do. To be had, with instructions, for 1s.,  
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47, London Wall, City.

## FALSE TOOTH on VULCANITE, 3s. 6d.;

Complete Set, £4; Tooth on Dental Alloy, 7s. 6d.;  
Complete set, £8; Tooth on Platina, 10s.; Complete  
set, £9; Tooth on Gold, 15s.; Complete set, £12.  
Materials and Fit guaranteed. Stopping, 2s. 6d.; best  
5s. Misfits and old sets bought or re-fitted.

Mr. WARD, Surgeon-Dentist and Practical Dentist  
to the Profession many years.  
Testimonials undeniable. Consultations Free.  
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## RIMMEL'S ROSEWATER CRACKERS,

2s. per dozen, or One Guinea per gross.  
Rimmel's Costume Crackers, each cracker contain-  
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dozen, or Two Guineas per gross. Sold by all the Trade.  
Rimmel, Perfumer to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales,  
96 Strand, 128 Regent-street, and 24 Cornhill.

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CORN FLOUR,  
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Children's Diet.

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CORN FLOUR,  
for all the uses  
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One Tablespoonful  
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makes  
Light Pastry.

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Tins, 7lb.,  
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